

No. 61

# MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

MAY, 1888.

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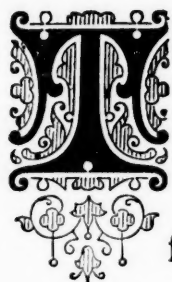
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An Illustrated Magazine.

VOL. XI.

*MAY—OCTOBER, 1888.*

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THEY called thee "Merry England" in old time ;  
A happy people won for thee that name,  
With envy heard in many a distant clime ;  
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
Endearing title, a responsive chime  
To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,  
This face of rural beauty be a mask  
For discontent, and poverty, and crime ?  
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will ?  
Forbid it, Heaven !—that Merry England still  
May be thy rightful name, in prose or rhyme !

—Wordsworth.





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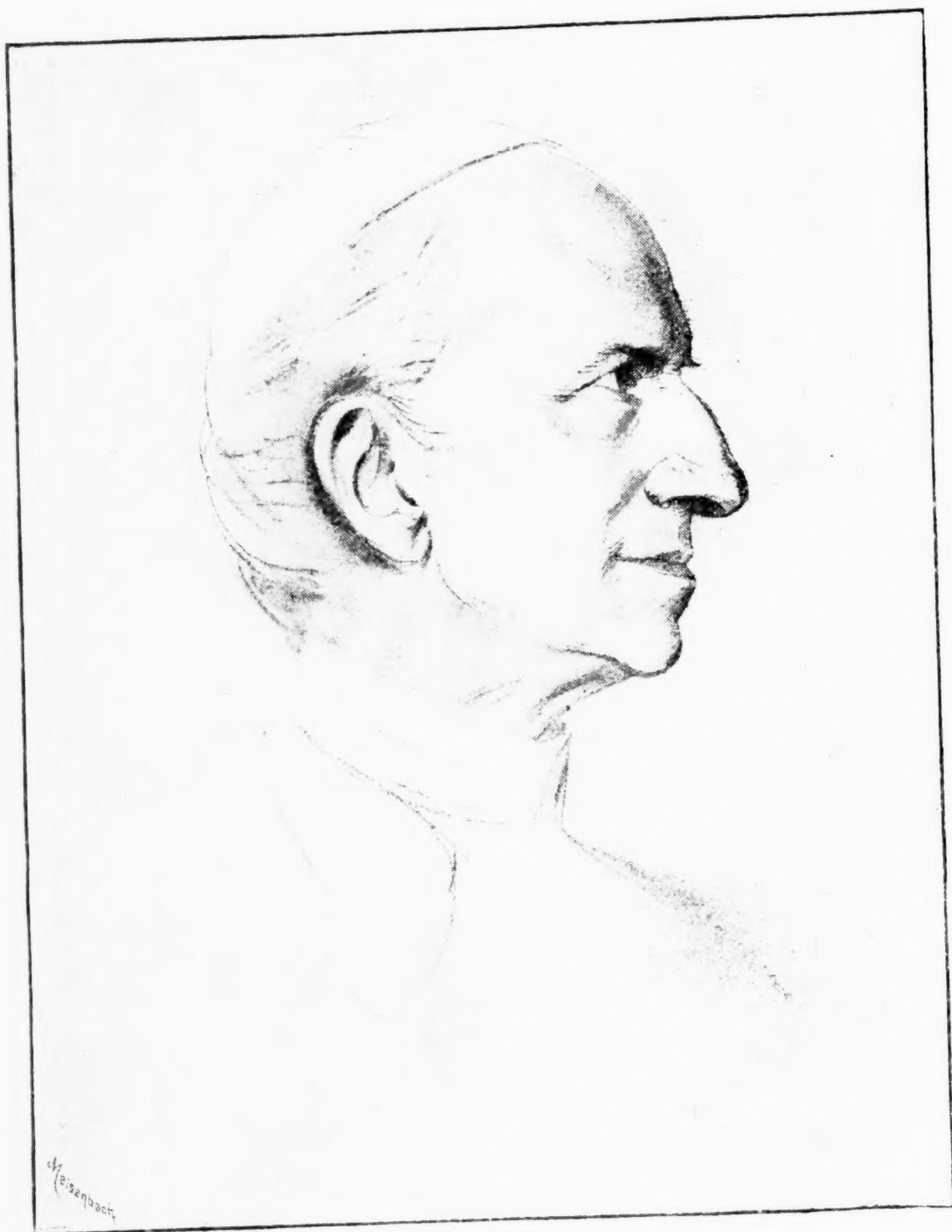
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POPE LEO XIII.

(After Lombard. *See "The Art Journal" April, 1891.*)

# MERRY ENGLAND

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MAY, 1888.

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## Jubilee Reminiscences.

A GOLDEN Wedding! With its memories of fifty years ago, when life was all Spring, its work but just budding, its vigour fresh and green, its fragrance, like that of the early flowers, as yet hidden from the world. Its joy-bells ring forth again, but this time their echoes reach to farthest clime. Fifty years ago they had stirred but a few hearts—a few faithful friends and admirers in one sunny land. Now the hearts of millions are roused to joyful enthusiasm far and wide, from the haunts of perpetual snows to “the summer of the world.” For now it is golden harvest time, and the golden corn is being gathered in: then it was the sower going forth to sow his seed; now, he comes again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

A Golden Wedding! Children and children’s children flock in from all parts to hail their Father. “Thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee . . . their silver and their gold with them.

“And the Bridegroom shall rejoice over the Bride, and thy God shall rejoice over thee.” That was no wedding of earthly

ties celebrated fifty years ago in St. Andrew's Church on the Quirinal. The Bridegroom was the young Priest, dedicating himself for ever to the service of God. The Bride was the Church, henceforth to be the object of his tender and ceaseless care. And so well, so faithfully did he carry out his plighted troth, serving his chosen Bride through twice a score of years, that when the golden circle is completed, lo ! it finds him exalted to the highest place in the world. "Thou shalt be over my house, and at the commandment of thy mouth all the people shall obey ; only in the kingly throne will I be above thee." No wonder then that the joy bells rang out the Golden Jubilee with grander resonance : no wonder that the tribes of the earth vied with each other in celebrating it ; for the humble Priest had become the Sovereign Pontiff ; God had taken him away from his lesser sheep-folds to govern His people Israel.

That was ten years ago. What a decade of joyful mysteries has that been, ushering in the Golden Jubilee ! Joyful to us who reap the fruits of his far-reaching wisdom, his indomitable courage, his enduring patience ; yet he, as that decade slipped away, found many a sorrowful mystery interwoven, and his golden crown has been studded with many a thorn. I saw him for the first time when he, for the first time, was receiving the Faithful of the Universe as their Father. Well do I remember the scene in that audience chamber ; well do I remember with what trembling expectation we watched the door whereby the Pope would enter. Suddenly there was a hush—and all eyes sought one point ; then all knees were bent, and all heads bowed, for Leo. XIII. was amongst us—a calm, spare figure, clothed in spotless white ; with keen eyes which seemed to take in each one present, yet with tenderness which made us feel that we were in the presence of a Father. Is he changed in these ten years ? Time may have drawn more furrows on his brow, his upright figure may bend beneath the care of all the Churches, his eye may be dimmed by reason of the sorrows of his children ; but in the

wisdom which guides the bark of Peter through storm, and whirlpool, by rock and quicksand, in the respect and admiration with which even those outside his Fold regard him, and in the ardent love and devotion of his own Catholic children, he grows stronger each day as the end grows nearer.

A Golden Wedding! Fair without, and rich within, is the chiefest ornament of the wedding feast, that of which all must partake or be reckoned amongst ill-wishers. White as the driven snow, and moulded to pleasant forms, it contains beneath its dazzling drifts luscious offerings from lands "all sun and blossom," not scattered in careless profusion and like to be missed or lost, but welded together by a skilful hand so firmly, so prudently, that a fair feast is provided which shall last a wondrous time. But it is the mind which most seeks nourishment at such a wedding as we have celebrated; nor is there any lack of mental pabulum; its fault lies not in its sufficiency but in its fugitiveness. It is like a windfall in an autumn garden; much fruit is scattered, of which all needs gathering, but some is bruised, some is swept away, and but a handful remains for the storehouse after much toil. Who shall undertake the task of gathering and of sifting? Who shall pluck from the midst of other matter what is worth the keeping? We all know how soon, as a rule, what comes to us in our daily or weekly paper passes away; the memory fails to disentangle the Roman letter and what it tells, from the Irish Letter, and the Diocesan News, and the Bishop's Pastoral, and the wedding at the Oratory: then, too, there is the weekly difficulty what to do with our newspapers, where to put them; shall we keep them and bind them, or shall we send them to the Hospital, or Club, or shall we light our fires with them? The first course lies through so many dangers from housemaids, from the loss of odd numbers, from soiling dust, from want of spare shelves or corners, that few people are tidy and methodical enough to attain to bound volumes. Yet there is so much in them one would like to preserve



ties celebrated fifty years ago in St. Andrew's Church on the Quirinal. The Bridegroom was the young Priest, dedicating himself for ever to the service of God. The Bride was the Church, henceforth to be the object of his tender and ceaseless care. And so well, so faithfully did he carry out his plighted troth, serving his chosen Bride through twice a score of years, that when the golden circle is completed, lo ! it finds him exalted to the highest place in the world. "Thou shalt be over my house, and at the commandment of thy mouth all the people shall obey ; only in the kingly throne will I be above thee." No wonder then that the joy bells rang out the Golden Jubilee with grander resonance : no wonder that the tribes of the earth vied with each other in celebrating it ; for the humble Priest had become the Sovereign Pontiff ; God had taken him away from his lesser sheep-folds to govern His people Israel.

That was ten years ago. What a decade of joyful mysteries has that been, ushering in the Golden Jubilee ! Joyful to us who reap the fruits of his far-reaching wisdom, his indomitable courage, his enduring patience ; yet he, as that decade slipped away, found many a sorrowful mystery interwoven, and his golden crown has been studded with many a thorn. I saw him for the first time when he, for the first time, was receiving the Faithful of the Universe as their Father. Well do I remember the scene in that audience chamber ; well do I remember with what trembling expectation we watched the door whereby the Pope would enter. Suddenly there was a hush—and all eyes sought one point ; then all knees were bent, and all heads bowed, for Leo. XIII. was amongst us—a calm, spare figure, clothed in spotless white ; with keen eyes which seemed to take in each one present, yet with tenderness which made us feel that we were in the presence of a Father. Is he changed in these ten years ? Time may have drawn more furrows on his brow, his upright figure may bend beneath the care of all the Churches, his eye may be dimmed by reason of the sorrows of his children ; but in the

wisdom which guides the bark of Peter through storm, and whirlpool, by rock and quicksand, in the respect and admiration with which even those outside his Fold regard him, and in the ardent love and devotion of his own Catholic children, he grows stronger each day as the end grows nearer.

A Golden Wedding! Fair without, and rich within, is the chiefest ornament of the wedding feast, that of which all must partake or be reckoned amongst ill-wishers. White as the driven snow, and moulded to pleasant forms, it contains beneath its dazzling drifts luscious offerings from lands "all sun and blossom," not scattered in careless profusion and like to be missed or lost, but welded together by a skilful hand so firmly, so prudently, that a fair feast is provided which shall last a wondrous time. But it is the mind which most seeks nourishment at such a wedding as we have celebrated; nor is there any lack of mental pabulum; its fault lies not in its sufficiency but in its fugitiveness. It is like a windfall in an autumn garden; much fruit is scattered, of which all needs gathering, but some is bruised, some is swept away, and but a handful remains for the storehouse after much toil. Who shall undertake the task of gathering and of sifting? Who shall pluck from the midst of other matter what is worth the keeping? We all know how soon, as a rule, what comes to us in our daily or weekly paper passes away; the memory fails to disentangle the Roman letter and what it tells, from the Irish Letter, and the Diocesan News, and the Bishop's Pastoral, and the wedding at the Oratory: then, too, there is the weekly difficulty what to do with our newspapers, where to put them; shall we keep them and bind them, or shall we send them to the Hospital, or Club, or shall we light our fires with them? The first course lies through so many dangers from housemaids, from the loss of odd numbers, from soiling dust, from want of spare shelves or corners, that few people are tidy and methodical enough to attain to bound volumes. Yet there is so much in them one would like to preserve

—as, for instance, the story whose golden thread has run through these lines—the Papal Jubilee. Thanks then are due to Mr. John George Cox for setting before us in his *Jubilee Tide in Rome* (Burns & Oates), a crystallised memory of a glorious tide: a memory that shall not vanish nor crumble to pieces, because moulded and set to endure. White as the Pope's "soutane," golden as his chain and ring, is the fair encasement which preserves what is precious within.

Like that summer snow which fell upon and marked out the site of the Virgin Mother's almost first and fairest Basilica, the golden light of Jubilee-tide is flaked with the pure heaven-shed whiteness of Christmas.

I saw the curled drops soft and slow,  
Come hovering o'er the Prince's Head ;  
Offering whitest sheets of snow,  
To furnish the Fair Infant's bed.<sup>1</sup>

And so we, as we open Mr. Cox's volume, find ourselves with the Campagna peasants at St. Peter's on Christmas morning, or at Vespers in the Church of our Lady of the Snow, in the presence of the Holy Manger.

This stable is a Prince's court,  
This crib His chair of state :  
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,  
The wooden dish his plate ;

The persons in that poor attire  
His royal liveries wear ;  
The Prince Himself is come from Heaven ;  
This pomp is prized there.

But from this meditation of the martyred Jesuit, Robert Southwell, we are roused to view a Royal dish indeed, but—not of wood : and at first the golden ewer and basin sent by the Empress Queen to the Sovereign of a yet wider Empire than her own clashes in the thoughts with the humble state of the Stable

<sup>1</sup> Richard Crashaw, canon of Loretto (1650).

Court, the Manger Throne, the poor-clad Prince, until the words of the Evangel-Prophet rise again to the memory . . . "The multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee . . . their silver and their gold with them;" and there is no discord after all. So we pass from Bethlehem, the city of David, to Leo, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. "VICIT LEO." Yes, to-day he has conquered; he triumphs. Behold him borne in his Chair of State up St. Peter's, "the glory of the whole earth," amid the triumphal crash of the silver trumpets in the Dome, and "the deafening and tremendous shout of fifty thousand voices," accustomed to speak in many languages abroad, but on this happy morn united in one heartfelt, heart-stirring *viva*. "Children of many lands, but owning one common father," that is the secret of that wondrous unanimity. And the Pope did not faint at his Mass after all, neither was he singing it as he was borne along the nave! It was a simple Low Mass, with but a Motet in its course, and the *Domine salvum fac* at its close, like outbursts of song from some thrush-tenanted thicket by the side of a gentle murmuring stream. Only a Low Mass! how disappointing, when we expected a Grand Papal Function with elaborate *Gloria* and *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei*. So may many a sight-loving tourist have thought. But

"I declare to me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, *said* as it is among us. I could attend Masses for ever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words; it is a great action, the greatest that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal . . . Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not merely addresses to the throne of grace; they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go; the whole is quick; for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice; they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, 'What thou doest, do



quickly.' Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as he passed along the lake in the days of His Flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass, because as the lightning that shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the name of the Lord as He passed by, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore. So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the waters.' Each in his place with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intention, with his own prayers, separate, but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, united in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him."

Alas! he who penned this memorable panegyric of the Low Mass was not there with his fellow-Cardinals to assist at that memorable one. With him what is golden on earth is already brightening in lustre from its closer drawing to "the keen sanctity, which with its affluence, like a glory, clothes and circles round the Crucified," and he "can forward look with a serenest joy" to the summons to the Eternal City, eternal not in name only but in endless reality.

At last another year of three eights, rare in the roll of centuries! And some say it bodes good and some bad fortune. But wise heads will look for a mixture of both in this as in every year, and as the pavement is chequered with light and shadow when the moon shines through the cloister windows, so our feet will fall now on light, now on shadow, as we pace the circle of the year. But at least to us it had a happy beginning, and the echo of those silver trumpets, the softly uttered PAX DOMINI SIT SEMPER VOBISCUM, the dying notes of the great *Te Deum* 'IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI; NON CONFUNDAR IN ÆTERNUM,'

will linger with us till the year, then New, becomes Old and fades away into memories of the past.

Day succeeds day in the opening year, and sight crowds upon sight to the Jubilee Pilgrim. Fain would we pass from Basilica to Vatican, from Exhibition to University, from Deputation to Canonisation, from Seminary to Shrine, and finally from Rome to Monte Cassino with the writer of "Jubilee tide in Rome" as guide. He does not weary us, for he is concise. He does not bore us, for he has fun in him. He does not tread on our toes, our favourite fads, that is ; for he is generous. He will not take us in about the scenes he describes, for *he was there*; which is more than some of the correspondents of the secular press could have been. Moreover, he is that difficult thing to find—a companion who does not lose his temper.

Ah! once though he did, I think, or nearly so. That donkey and donkey-driver up Monte Cassino. That probably did upset the equilibrium of his temper as it certainly did his portmanteau. Well, I can feel for him, for I too had a donkey ride up that dear mountain and I *felt* angry though I spoke not a word—not that that was any credit to me, for I did not know a word (at least the one which would have come out most naturally) in Italian. But what haven after a storm was ever more peaceful, more soothing than that wonderful monastery which crowns the summit! The memories of its great founder alone, and of his sister, are enough to flood it with fadeless light and splendour. But nature vies with saintly history to pile beauty upon beauty all around. What can exceed the loveliness of those valleys into whose sunny depths you gaze from the monastery windows? And that dear Novice master, and his two novices who were very frequent companions. It was like conversing with three angels, only I made a sorry Abraham. And that Church with its glories of marble—how could it spring into such rich structure at such a height from human aid? And that wonderful Vespers on the Vigil of the Ascension, so slow, so solemn, so stately, as if Time

was of no account, eternity only worth reckoning. Never have I heard the Hymn of Hymns, the *Magnificat*, sung as I heard it then, and never shall I so hear it again in this world. Still its echoes beat in my heart, pulsed forth from that mountain sanctuary.

"ET MISERICORDIA EJUS A PROGENIE IN PROGENIES:  
TIMENTIBUS EUM."

PHILIP FLETCHER.

## The History of Architecture.\*

IN his "Nicomachean Ethics" (book 2, chap. 2) Aristotle says :—" But our present inquiry has not, like the rest, a merely speculative aim ; we are not inquiring merely in order to know what excellence or virtue is, but in order to become good ; for otherwise it would profit us nothing. We must ask therefore about these acts, and see of what kind they are to be ; for as we said, it is they that determine our habits or character." So the important thing for us is not merely to know what architecture is, but how we may become good architects. It appears to me that this may best be done by studying architecture historically ; for, as history admits the observation of the writer, I propose studying architecture with you, not only historically, but critically as well.

Before entering on the subject of these lectures, which is Greek Architecture, I think it will be well in the first instance to try and ascertain the methods employed or recommended in studying the other fine arts, for as Cicero justly remarks, " All the arts which belong to humanity have something in common, and a link like blood relationship between them." Next, what is genius, then what is architecture, and the materials we have in our own art for producing æsthetic effects, and the effects we should desire to produce, and lastly the advantages likely to be gained by studying Greek architecture.

As regards the first inquiry, I have extracted some of the advice given by that great painter Sir Joshua Reynolds in his

\* A lecture delivered at the Royal Academy, and revised by the lecturer for publication here.



lectures, and I may add that every architectural student should read his lectures through, for as he truly says, "He can never be a great artist who is grossly illiterate." I beg you to remark in the following extracts the stress he lays on the imitation of the old masters. If the greatest painter England has produced is so emphatic on this point, when the aim of his art is but to portray nature in her most perfect form and colour, how much more does it behove the architect to study ancient masterpieces, as he can but learn lessons from nature, and can scarcely transfer anything directly from it into architecture? Sir Joshua says:—

"By imitation I do not mean imitation in its largest sense, but simply the following of other masters, and the advantage to be drawn from the study of their works. Those who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of *inspiration*, as a *gift* bestowed on peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to insure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired—how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the *cause* of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the *effect*, and to consider it a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired, who see only what is the full result of long labour, and the application of an infinite number and infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them. The travellers into the East tell us that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices. . . the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its powers and those works of complicated art which it is utterly unable to fathom, and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers."

Again:—

"We cannot suppose that anyone can really mean to exclude

all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer, for it is apparent if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, the art would be always to begin, and consequently remain always in its infant state, and it is a common observation that no art was ever invented and carried to perfection at the same time. . . Genius—at least what generally is so called—is the child of imitation. . . Invention is one of the great marks of genius, but, if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent.”

Madame de Staël emphasises this statement. She says of Petrarch, “He put to the proof that knowledge greatly helps us to invent.”

Sir Joshua continues :—

“The mind is but a barren soil, which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter. . . . The greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock : he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations ; he will be obliged to imitate himself. . . . There can be no doubt but that he who has the most materials has the greatest means of invention. . . . All the inventions and thoughts of the ancients, whether conveyed to us in statues, bas-reliefs, intaglios, cameos, or coins, are to be sought after and carefully studied ; the genius that hovers over these venerable relics may be called the father of modern art. He who borrows an idea from an ancient or even from a modern artist not his contemporary, and so accommodates it to his own work that it makes a part of it, with no seam or joining appearing, can hardly be charged with plagiarism. Poets practise this kind of borrowing without reserve.”

As regards this remark, I may say that Horace took from Tyrtæus the aphorism that “It is a sweet and becoming thing to die for one’s country,” and the writer of “*Mourir pour la Patrie*” repeats it. Keat’s line, “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,” is from Euripides ; but as antiquity may be looked on as common property, I may mention a few other instances that occur to me of the borrowing from modern writers. Gray’s line, “The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,” is from Dante, and Coleridge’s

line, "O call her rather fair than pale," is from Tasso. In short, all the progressive arts—and Pascal says architecture is one of them—progress by the improvement of what has gone before. Nothing shows us so completely the small accretions that each generation makes as a gallery of painting arranged chronologically from its first deliverance from Byzantine fetters. Though we must recollect that the sudden affluence of statues, bas-reliefs, coins, and engraved gems, partly caused by a keener search, and partly by the impending fate of Constantinople, made the Renaissance stride over a greater gap. That gap was the knowledge that perfection was to be attained by correcting individual beauty by the study of human nature as a whole.

If we are deeply versed in literature, we find each age mainly reproducing the literature of the preceding age corrected and embellished. That marvellous collection of stories, "The Arabian Nights," is but a collection of old-world stories dressed in Muslim attire, and embellished by the skill of the ages it had passed through up to the time in which it was published. Horace tells us that if a poet wants to perfect his style, he must study the Greek masterpieces by day and by night. In many respects Virgil has embellished Homer, and doubtless Homer embellished the works of his predecessors, and Dante tells us that Virgil was his "guide, philosopher, and friend," to whom he owed his style. Even had we been without these express statements, even could we not see the direct benefits that each poet has received from his predecessors, we could not doubt that every poet had studied all the masterpieces he could get before adventuring on his own. If, as the ancients say, lightning could come out of a clear sky, we might expect to find the highest efforts of man's genius—the stately edifice, the impassioned poem, the elaborate opera or oratorio, the grand picture, or the noble statue produced by the naked savages of Central Africa. Art, literature, science, and civilisation itself are like the coral islands—each tiny insect adds its mite to the work, which at last defies the attacks of the ocean in its utmost fury.



Not to weary you by "damnable iteration," I will conclude this part of my subject with some extracts from the late Sir George Macfarren, who has unhappily been taken from us. In his last address to the Royal Academy of Music, he gave the following advice to its students :—

"Those who compose must make mental exercises : it is not casually to write or sing, or play on an instrument, but to have the constant habit of constructing musical phrases, of planning musical arrangements, of exercising the faculty of invention and the faculty of design, . . . It is not ever in the career of the artist that he could say 'I have finished.' . . . It is the constant seeking of advancement, which is the real means of developing the faculties wherewith Nature has endowed us all. . . . In order to master their art fully, and to do justice to the productions of present times, they must have a knowledge of the works of preceding periods ; . . . let them work at the productions of musicians of former times, and let them hear with interest the productions of their own. . . . Let them have the conviction that originality could only find its proper expression when they had commanded, by constant exercise, such power over their faculties as would enable them to give utterance to that which was individual in themselves."

I will now take the second head, and we will try to see, What is genius? Genius has been defined as the gift of taking an infinite amount of trouble, and, though I cannot agree with the definition, I think no genius will be found without this accompaniment. Genius must naturally be a gift of which the owner is unconscious. He can only become gradually aware of its possession by comparing himself with his contemporaries, and his works with theirs and with those of his predecessors. As there is no merit in the possession of Nature's gifts, it is to the interest of those possessed of genius to deny its existence, to attribute their excellence solely to their own perseverance, determination, and industry.

I think we may content ourselves with one of the definitions of genius in the dictionary—"Uncommon powers of intellect, particularly the power of invention." Still we know so little of the human mind, that we can never boldly assert that what is



called genius is unattainable by that constant perseverance in season and out of season that accompanies the intense love of any occupation. We know that our mental faculties can be improved and strengthened in the same way as those of our body, and as the greatest genius can never assert that he has done all he might, neither can the dullest ever say what he might have done, had he properly used his intelligence to find out what he should do, and had then done it. Besides, if a man have ever so great a treasure in his garden, he will not find it unless he dig, and it more often happens than not that *Æsop's* fable is true, that the persistent digging of his garden may turn out to be more advantageous to him than the treasure. Certainly all the men of genius I have known or read of have been assiduous and persistent workers, and ardent and enthusiastic students of the masterpieces of their predecessors.

We know not what are the factors that make individual genius, but we do know something of the factors which make a fine people from whom geniuses spring. Pure air, pure water, sound food and drink, cleanliness, the full and proper exercise of all our bodily and mental powers, and of those intellectual and moral qualities that formed the Greek creed, "Wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice"—in short, living as near as mortals can within the laws of nature, when this is accompanied with great competition and emulation. Astronomers tell us that a new planet is looked for when there is much unexplained perturbation in some of the planets. We have but to reverse this process when we meet with a genius—for we may be sure that he emerged from a throng of those earnestly engaged in similar pursuits. Shakespeare was once supposed to be a single bright particular star; but it was discovered that he was only the most brilliant amongst a galaxy. And, more lately, Dante was found to have had a similar surrounding. When we sink into greedy, drunken, foolish, unjust, and cowardly slaves, farewell to liberty and the fine arts.

The third head is "Architecture," and we will see what Mr. Freeman says :—

"Architecture, then, in its widest sense as the building art, differs from other arts, in being not merely essential to man for the full scope of his highest faculties, but required for his physical comfort—almost for his very existence. And surely it is a wonderful application of the principle above alluded to, that from such an origin should arise the very first of arts—that which has produced the most thrilling and awful works of human genius; which at once requires the least technical knowledge for its general appreciation, and opens the widest field for minute inquiries and philosophical speculation. The art whose name bespeaks it the chief and queen of all, which presses the noblest of other arts into its service and bends them to its will, is thus at once their beginning and their end: the most lowly in its origin, the most glorious in its perfection, slowly and gradually has it risen, enriched by the contributions of every age, and creed, and nation, from the log-hut of the savage—we might say from the lair of the wild beast—to the fairest works of mere human and heathen beauty."

Macaulay said "architecture was more of a science than an art." Be that as it may, we can nowadays see a good deal of science displayed in various erections, that even their authors would not venture to put under the category of art. Here we have to divide the soul from the spirit, and wed ourselves to art alone. Mr. Freeman again says :—

"Architecture, then, is itself, like all fine art, the creation of the higher part of man's nature, and subject to the influence of the intellectual and moral workings of individuals, ages, and nations. There must, therefore, be a science of architecture as a branch of the general science of the human mind."

Let us now see what are our materials for æsthetic work. These are outlines, light and shade, proportion and composition, and to these means we may add, what no building should be without, painting and sculpture.

Architecture, as a rule, is bounded by conditions and necessities. Each building must, more or less, fulfil the conditions for which it was built, and for its production it requires certain

materials that also have conditions under which alone they can be used.

Outline is perhaps more dependent on the taste of the people than anything else. The Greek outline was that of the hut. We know not what was the Roman outline before the capital of the empire was at Byzantium. That which now strikes us most at Rome is the long stretches of aqueducts, for externally the dome was either hidden by a pyramidal roof, or a small part only emerged from steps. It is not impossible that when the Roman empire was overrun by the savages, the most striking feature was the watch-tower, and this they seized on. From Byzantium came the outside feature of the dome, undoubtedly imitated by the savages of East and West when they overran the empire. The Lombards adopted the dome and the bell-tower, the Saracens the dome and minaret, and these two features became the leading external ones of the Romanesque. In Mediæval times the lantern and the spire were glorified. Since then the dome again asserted its predominance, until mankind, absorbed in physical science, no longer sought to embody their aspirations in architecture. When new and noble aspirations again lift men from their present sole desire of filling their bellies and their pockets, a new iron architecture, with a new outline, may soar above the metallic architecture of Homer's days.

Again, the question of voids and solids is governed by actual wants, the exigencies of climate, and the capabilities of materials, so that we have little in our hands but the proportioning of the whole, and of the voids and solids, the shaping of jambs, lintels, columns, and piers, and the use of mouldings; and Viollet-le-Duc says, "Mouldings are architecture." Out of these scanty materials, surrounded as they are by all sorts of limitations, we have to construct our poem or oratorio in marble, stone, brick, or iron. Those architects were fortunate who lived in times when they had to satisfy a definite desire, and had beholders who were sufficiently clear as to the effects they wanted, and sufficiently

cultivated to know when their desires had been fairly or well fulfilled, or when the effects produced surpassed the bounds of their imagination.

In the present day there is no definite desire. People hardly know whether they prefer a building to soar in the air or to grovel on the ground ; whether they would sooner have simplicity or complexity, plainness or richness ; and so little knowledge or imagination do they bring to the consideration of the completed work, that if it rises above the execrable, the most perfect work scarcely causes an emotion or a remark.

Fine music would probably cease to be produced if all but the musicians were deaf ; fine architecture must certainly cease if all but the architects are blind ; but we hope that this insensibility to the beauties of architecture, to the distinction and even the wealth it confers on a nation may soon cease, for as Aristotle says, " Architecture is one of the master arts."

Madame de Staël truly says :—

" Painting and sculpture, mostly imitating the human figure, or some object existing in nature, awake in our soul perfectly clear and positive ideas ; a fine architectural monument has not, so to speak, any determinate sense, but in contemplating it one is seized by that reverie, without calculation and without aim, which leads our thoughts so far."

Still, architecture, in so far as it is a fine art, has to produce certain effects in the beholder, and one of its first effects should be to declare the purpose of the building, and to arouse those thoughts and those emotions that are appropriate to its purpose. A fortress should suggest strength and protection, and once did so, but it has now passed away from the domain of architecture, and suggests gravel pits, a mole hill, or a rabbit warren ; a prison should suggest terror or dismay ; a palace, dignity ; a mansion, elegance and taste ; a court of justice, awe ; a cathedral, sublimity ; but besides this, every building should suggest permanence, stability and repose, and exhibit the stamp of architectural art.



Having now concluded the preliminary inquiries, I shall enter on the main subject of the lectures.

I have begun with Greek architecture, though it is not supposed to be the oldest, and some believe it has no more sprung from Greece than the Greeks themselves, but because it is that which has mainly influenced the course of architecture in all the countries of Europe, the greater part of Asia, the north of Africa, and the modern architecture of the New world ; because it has been, and still is, considered by competent judges as the most perfect, as far as form goes, that the world has yet seen, and amongst other considerations because we find in Greece itself some of the earliest forms of construction in stone, which rather incline us to believe that Greek architecture was created and perfected by the Greeks themselves. The older any admired work is, the greater is its claim to respect and study. In every age something perishes, taste and fashion are perpetually changing, so that even admirable things have often to make way for those more in fashion ; but when old things have come down to us through long periods of time, and particularly when they have survived, through being cherished as choice productions, we may be sure that they appeal to the general and permanent sentiments of mankind, and are not tinged with the evanescent whims and caprices of fashion.

If we would build so that the beauty of our works will cause them to be preserved for ages, we must discover what were the principles followed by the ancient Greeks, and adopt them.

The Greeks were the most brilliant people the world has yet seen ; they alone seem to have discovered those principles of beauty in all the fine arts that appeal to the sentiments of mankind generally. They may almost be called the inventors of literature, for Homer's poem is believed to be the oldest we have that can lay any claim to literary eminence. The ancient Greeks are still unsurpassed in poetry, in eloquence, in rhetoric, in philosophy, in sculpture, in statuary, in architecture, and in

the subsidiary arts, and we might find that they were also unsurpassed in painting, had not all their pictures perished.

As regards sculpture and painting—for M. Angelo said “Sculpture was the lantern of painting”—the Greeks were the first people who made sculpture and painting proper possible, for every free citizen had to train naked. Plato tells us they weighed the advantages and disadvantages of clothes, and decided against them, remarking truly that nothing was ridiculous but vice and folly.

If you ask a learned poet who was the greatest poet who ever lived, he tells you Homer ; if you ask a song writer, he probably says Tyrtæus—at any rate Tyrtæus furnished Horace and the author of “*Mourir pour la Patrie*” with their aphorisms, as I said before ; a dramatist says Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes ; an orator, Demosthenes ; a moral or mental philosopher, Zeno, Epicurus, Plato, and Aristotle ; a sculptor or statuary, Phidias, Polycletus, and Praxiteles ; an historian, Herodotus and Thucydides ; most architects, Ictinus, Callicrates, Mnesicles, and Dinocrates ; and we still begin our geometry with Euclid.

The Greeks, therefore, must have found out the secret, not only of affecting their own cultivated people, but the generality of mankind as well, and it is no small commendation to them that this was a master secret, like the law of gravity, for their works have won the admiration of mankind ever since. It is our business, therefore, to try and rediscover their secret for our own art. Even if we believe the Greeks to have been a nation of geniuses, and that we are not, this should not deter us from analysing their works, nor from trying to find out their secret, and when we have found it from applying their principles to our own works.

Quintilian thus speaks of the Attic Greeks:—“The keen and polished inhabitants of Attica did nothing that was useless or redundant,” and I think we may say that in all the fine arts

they were actuated by the same motive as the Jew of Malta, who proposed to exchange all his vast wealth for a diamond, so as to have "infinite riches in a little space."

Nothing could suggest to us a more commonplace effect, if it were merely spoken of, than a hut surrounded by an open verandah; yet this is the type of Greek buildings. This commonplace form it is that has won the applause of all the cultivated amongst mankind.

It was not either by overwhelming size that it produced its effects; for, from what Pliny tells us, that sixth wonder of the world, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, could have been little more than 100 feet in height, from the paving of the portico to the top of the pediment, and the Parthenon was but about 60 feet. What, then, was the cause of this admiration? The exquisiteness, subtlety, and simplicity of its beauty.

First, there was the choice of those forms in the parts that are at once the simplest, and yet give the greatest contrast; then there was a refinement of form that almost reached absolute perfection; then the most perfect proportioning of each part to all the other parts, and of the whole feature to the whole building, and that proportion and that perfection were not arrived at at once, but were produced by gradual improvement, not confined to the life of one man, but to generations.

That acute critic and learned historian of architecture, James Fergusson, in his book on the "*Principles of Beauty in Art*," asserts, and asserts with truth, that every art progresses by successive improvements, and insists that the only way to perfection in any art or science is to gradually improve on some type. He takes a church as his example, and supposes one built according to the best instructions that could be given, that the next shall be like the former, only avoiding the defects discovered by use, and so on, and he finishes by saying:—

"By the time we have built the genius and experience not of one or two men, but of a hundred or a thousand, into the walls

of our church, we shall have something that no one man has done or can do."

But he omitted saying that Greek architecture had exactly carried out this method.

The Greeks had not only exquisite sensibility, and took endless trouble, but their very condition of mind was different from the Roman. The Roman said, "*I* have done this work." The Greek said, "*I* was inspired to do it." Next, as to the pains taken when the architect had designed a moulding or a group of mouldings—and you see from those before you how every little refinement or subtlety was employed to get or enhance the effect wanted—he set out each moulding he had drawn mathematically by conic sections. You can conceive the inspired architect, who hoped to have a public building or a temple to design, watching the echinus of the Doric temple he wanted to surpass from sunrise to sunset, and pondering how he could improve on the subtlety of the curve. Every device by which an extra beauty could be added or a defect cured was resorted to, and probably both the beauty and the defect were only visible to Greek eyes; minute differences were made in the spacing of the columns, differences in the vertical angles of the columns with the floor, the angle columns were slightly enlarged and in some cases were wrought close to the next ones, and those delicate curves were adopted to correct optical illusions which Mr. Penrose has rediscovered for our use and admiration. However much we may delight in the simple and majestic Doric, we must be insensible to beauty if we do not see in the Ionic capital one of the loveliest forms it has been man's prerogative to invent. The Corinthian, too, has been so appreciated by mankind that it was the favourite order with the Romans, was paraphrased in Romanesque and Mediæval times, and was the starting point for all subsequent and polished capitals.

Again architects, sculptors, and painters vied with each other to see how these sister arts could mutually enhance each other's



value. So far for the art—now for the execution. The Greeks chose the most perfect of all materials for their best work, the finest white marble, which admitted of the finest workmanship, though the marble was covered with stucco when it was painted. No contract work was admitted on their public buildings, so that, unhampered by the knowledge that the more pains he took the worse he would be paid, every man might do his best. One of the explorers of the Acropolis, he who found the gateway in the wall opposite the Propylæa, M. Boulé, says it was all put together like a piece of cabinet work.

I cannot too strongly impress on your minds the value that ungrudging labour adds to any work. In the opinion of competent sculptors, the *Athlete*, vulgarly called the *Fighting Gladiator*, occupied the whole of the sculptor's life. Pascal's letters are still read for the perfection of their style, and he tells us some were re-written sixteen times, so that every superfluity might be excised, and he apologises for the length of one by saying he had not time to make it shorter. I am not much of a novel reader, but when I heard that "John Inglesant" had taken fifteen years to write, I bought it at once and read it knowing that a work that had cost so much labour must be worth reading. You all know Sheridan's remark about easy writing; so if you want your work to last for ages, the expression, "Oh, this will do!" should never part from your lips or be harboured in your mind, and if you think you can improve your work, you should let no other consideration stand in your way.

Architecture can never be much improved until the type has been hit on, and the genius, thought, and skill of the whole body of architects brought to bear on its improvement. You all know that the tower of Babel was stopped by the confusion of tongues. If I have convinced you that Greek architecture is the most perfect the world has seen, I think you will admit that it is pre-eminently worthy of study. But lest you should fancy that in thus describing Greece and Greek architecture I have

merely expressed my own personal likings, I give you the following extract from the eloquent pen of Mr. Freeman, that doughty champion of Gothic architecture :—

“ For grace, simplicity, and loveliness, we have still to look to that wonderful people who, after the revolutions of so many ages, yet remain the centre of all intellectual greatness, whose history still furnishes the best lessons in the science of man’s political and social being ; whose literature must remain to every age as the groundwork of every intellectual study ; from whose poets we derive our first ideas alike of all that is lovely and all that is sublime ; from whose philosophers we learn the first principles of the first of sciences, the laws of thought, and of the passions which stir the human breast. Such was the glorious land of Greece, the land where the poet—yes, after all the cavils of philosophical inquiry, the real blind minstrel that we dreamed of in our childhood, the living personal Homer—breathed forth those songs to which six-and-twenty centuries have not produced a rival ; where Pericles ruled supreme in the first of her cities, not by the spears of mercenaries but by the magic influence of mind ; where Aristotle first looked into the heart of man, and learnt to analyse its deep and mighty workings ; and whence his royal scholar, the best and greatest of universal victors, went forth on the errand of conquest—not to plunder and destroy, but to spread the arts and language and manners of immortal Greece to the utmost limits of the civilised earth. The three centuries of Grecian greatness, the single century of its meridian splendour, have had more effect upon the subsequent destiny of the world than all the countless dynasties of Egypt and the East. The latter have fallen, and have left their names alone behind them. Greece is no less fallen, but her possessions have become the inheritance of the world throughout all time. And this is especially true of her admirable architecture. As it was in Greece that the art first attained perfection, it was in Greece, too, that it first acquired a character worthy to be transmitted to other lands. The styles which we have hitherto considered are, on the whole, isolated ; they have but little connection with each other, and have had still less influence upon the architecture of more recent times. As our civilisation and literature is in no degree borrowed from China, India, or Egypt, so neither is any form of architecture which has ever prevailed in Europe ; but as a Greek influence has in other respects pervaded the intellect of every European nation, so in architecture it has been especially pervading ; every succeeding form of the art is to be traced up

to the Grecian model as its primary source. Its character, indeed, has been totally changed ; new ideas and principles—constructive, æsthetical, and religious—have been continually introduced, till all trace of the original pattern has vanished from the most essential features. Still, all has been gradual and gentle development and improvement. Dissimilar as are the colonnades and horizontal entablature of the Parthenon to the clustered shafts and soaring arches of Westminster, the steps between them may be distinctly traced ; the resemblance becomes gradually fainter, but is not effaced by any sudden or violent shock."

GEORGE AITCHISON.

## Dream-Tryst.

THE breaths of kissing night and day  
Were mingled in the western heaven :  
Throbbing with unheard melody,  
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :  
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,  
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey ;  
And souls went palely up the sky,  
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes  
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;  
There was no change in her deep heart,  
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.  
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,  
Wherein did ever come and go  
The sparkle of the fountain-drops  
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the Past meet girt about :  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.



## Memorials of Frank Leward:

EDITED BY CHARLES AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

*Frank to Bampton.*

WAIRAPA, NEW ZEALAND, Jan., 1845.

DEAR OLD BAM. Its a long time since I got your jolly letter telling me about your leaving Oxford and going to the Temple. I often wish I could have done something of the same sort myself for I get tired sometimes of this kind of life and I have lately lost all heart in the work and I dont seem to care whether we get on or go to smash. This country is so miserably badly managed by the people at home or at least allowed to be managed anyhow by the missionaries out here. I daresay the missionaries who came out here first meant well and did to some extent civilise the natives and taught them something and the Maoris were clever enough to see it was to their advantage to learn what the missionaries had to teach them. Only these missionaries, I mean the Church missionaries, for the Catholics have always been very different and have done a great deal of good in their way, petted a few of the most designing beggars who were the sharpest of the lot and pretended to be converted, but as for the rest they are so simple-minded they would believe anything anyone told them and can understand as much about being Christians as an old cow does about dancing. Well these cunning beggars got to know a good deal and one of them a chief named Hongi who had a mortal enmity to another tribe that was too strong for him laid his plans very deeply. He professed to be anxious to improve his mind by going to England so the mis-

sionaries sent him home as a specimen of what they could do with the natives, they had him presented at Court, invited to dinner by the Church Missionary Society, took him to meetings and made him pray in his own language and all that. Hongi pretended to be very anxious to collect bibles for his people, and quietly kept a sharp look-out for guns and ammunition of all sorts. When he came back he armed his tribe with the best muskets he had been able to get taught the people how to use them and soon made an example of the other tribe got their land and had many a festive meal on the fattest of them, till one of them happened to get hold of one of his muskets and shot him with it. Thats the sort of fellow the missionaries get taken in by. The fact is the Maoris are like a lot of sharp children, submissive to anyone who knows more than they do awfully quarrelsome among themselves and like children they are sometimes horribly cruel. The Europeans who came first and settled at the Bay of Islands were chiefly whalers escaped convicts from Sydney and Van Diemens Land and they were a bad lot about the lowest form of beasts in human shape it is possible to imagine and they no doubt did the natives a great deal of harm and undid what the missionaries were trying to do. Then the missionaries decided to stop as far as they could all emigration whatever instead of trying to get a good style of emigrants. It is curious that the Church missionaries always seem a stupid set of men, most of them here are narrow-minded uneducated and not gentlemen at all, but they have enough sense to manage to get hold of the best bits of land for themselves privately from the natives for nothing.

The missionaries having got a good hold over the natives and enough land from them persuaded the English to recognise a few of the chiefs as an independent people while they really governed the place just as they liked themselves. If it hadnt been for the New Zealand Co. which had taken up land about Cooks Straits and has brought out a lot of emigrants of the

right sort the French would have had the place long ago and made it a penal settlement and soon have turned the missionaries out neck and crop, so the missionaries really owe all they have to the Company. Then the missionaries got up a treaty they called the treaty of Waitangi the most ridiculous thing you ever heard of. It was written by one of the missionaries and most of the big words used the natives could not have had any idea of because there were no words in their language they could have been translated into. The missionaries went about the country getting the chiefs to sign it by giving them blankets and a lot of other things the regular price was a blanket a signature though some insisted on some tobacco and rum being thrown in. The poor people are so childish they would give all the land in the place for a gun or anything else they happened to want for the moment. I don't believe they care a bit about the land really only they don't like other tribes to come on to their preserves.

So Governor Hobson who came to take possession under this precious treaty and the missionaries who had got as much land as they wanted for themselves, one had got 11,000 acres another 40,000 another 50,000 and some more even than that, took care not to allow any one else being allowed to buy land except through the Government, and they managed to take away land which the Company had bought from the natives and which was gradually being cultivated by the emigrants the Company had brought out. For these missionaries hate the Company like sin, because it brings decent sort of colonists to the place and Government at home backs up the missionaries in everything they do, so that the people here hate the very sound of the name of Lord Stanley. When the natives began to see the land was worth something and they could get things in exchange for it they came before a thing here the Government have set up called a Land Court with a Mr. Spain at the head of it to try whether the land had been properly bought from the natives or not and put in all manner of claims to land they never thought of before

I dont believe they had any idea of owning land beyond what they were actually using and that was precious little, though they had certain boundaries into which they wouldnt let any other tribes come. You see a Maori is quite a different kind of creature to anything a white man has known anything of before. They are very quick and clever in their way and one of their peculiarities is never to grow more than they want immediately for themselves. They are not naturally a greedy race unless they are spoilt by the Pakehas and they have so few wants they are easily satisfied. A Maori lives almost entirely on potatoes and fish if he is anywhere near the sea. As soon as he has planted enough potatoes to last him for the year he wont bother to do any more work, and hes right I suppose if he likes doing nothing and doesnt care about anything besides potatoes. Some of them will go in summer down to the sea coast and take just enough potatoes with them to last the time they are away. Then they will fish and as soon as they have caught enough for the day they will spend the rest in laughing and talking and sleeping.

Ill give you a specimen of the sort of yarns the missionaries tell. There was a German traveller wanted particularly to go up Mount Cook in the Middle Island nobody had been up it before but the chief there wouldnt let him because he said it was the back bone of an ancestor of his, a pretty good sized ancestor considering it is more than 8000 feet high, unless he paid him a lot of money in gold. The missionaries got hold of this and sent home a yarn that the chief would have let the German fellow go up if he had given him a lot of bibles. One lot of land the Company had to pay for to an old chief then another tribe came and put in a claim to be paid for it because it had been theirs before the old chief had turned them out and Spain made them pay for it over again then the slaves of the second tribe came and declared it was theirs before the second tribe came and made slaves of them so the Company had to pay a



third time to the slaves. Another chief came down to this Land Court and claimed a lot of land that had been sold and paid for and got it too because he proved that he had killed and eaten the tribe that had been there before. The fact being that none of them would ever have thought of claiming land at all or would have made any use of it until this splendid Court was set up. This is the way the Company which might have been the making of the country is treated and the people they have brought out are being ruined. These people bought land from the Company at 20s. an acre and have been at work at it for some time and have turned it in many places into good flourishing farms instead of its being a wilderness of ferns as it was before they came. They are turned out now and the land is given back to the natives who had nothing to do with it before and dont know what to do with it now except to sell it over again. Thats what they call British justice.

Ill tell you another thing this first governor did. He made Auckland the Capital of the whole country though its right up in the North and away from all the best land and the principal part of the population. Now why did he do it simply because the missionaries told him to and they told him to because they had got all their land up there and having the Capital there increased its value. You will see it only wants a right sort of governor to have Wellington made the Capital instead of Auckland but I suppose we shall have to wait a long time for that.

Some one ought to take the matter up at home for a lot of fellows who were doing well here have been ruined and many have been obliged to go away after having lost all they brought with them. If the government had really wished to do good to the natives and had not been afraid of offending the missionaries they would have allowed the colonists to take up good land wherever they found it and there are millions and millions of acres of good land utterly waste now and they would always have kept a reserve for the natives alongside. In this way the

natives own land reserves which they ought never to have been allowed to sell under any consideration would have become very valuable and they would have learnt by degrees to cultivate their own land and I believe a good feeling would have grown up between the two races. Now at any time the Maoris may come down upon us exterminate us carry off our stock eat the friendly natives who work for us and take our land and we have no protection. You may depend upon it there will be rows innumerable between the English and the natives and very likely big wars and I shouldnt be surprised if the English get jolly well licked. This new governor Fitzroy has prevented us from even forming a sort of voluntary militia to protect ourselves goodness knows why unless he and his missionaries wish to see us driven out.

So you see old man were not in a very comfortable position. I called our place the Glades in memory of the old place but its name only brings melancholy thoughts now and sometimes they are worse than melancholy. I have written a lot about this place and I don't suppose you care twopence about it but out here its all people have to think about.

Good-bye old man were getting on pretty well though its rough work—Your affectionate friend

F. LEWARD.

*Bampton to Frank.*

GARDEN COURT, TEMPLE, *June 20, 1845.*

DEAR OLD FRANK,—Your last letter from New Zealand, written in January, was very interesting to me. My friend Charles Buller, M.P. for Liskeard, takes a particular interest in New Zealand and everything connected with it. He was one of the promoters of the New Zealand Co., and has often talked to me about it, so I took your letter round to Hare Court to show him as soon as I got it. He was very much pleased, and said it would be of great use to him in a motion on the subject he was

going to bring on during the present session in the House of Commons. Buller is a clever and rising man, a pupil of Carlyle's. I suppose, by the way, out there you never get Carlyle's books. I must send you some, and mind you read them and inwardly digest ; they will open up a new era in English literature.

Well, Buller's motion came on at last on the 17th. I was there right through it. The debate lasted three nights. I often go to the House, and I was particularly pleased with this debate, partly because so many good speakers took part in it, but more on your account, old man. Buller spoke magnificently, and didn't spare your friends the missionaries ; indeed their own chief supporters seemed to give them up as a bad lot, for whom no excuse could be made, and the present Tory government came out of the debate anything but well. Buller went at Lord Stanley in fine style. "If for once Lord Stanley could have laid aside," he said, "that unhappy spirit of pugnacity, which has been throughout his life the bane of every public interest with which he has been brought into connection ; if he could have surveyed the interests of New Zealand with the spirit of a statesman and the anxiety of true benevolence, there can be little doubt that he would have seen that, whatever were the strict legal rights of the case, this was no occasion to be splitting hairs and bandying subtleties, and that he would have complied with our request for the one simple laudable object of saving a colony from dissension and ruin."

I can't help giving you one or two more bits of his speech, which were particularly telling. Speaking of a Mr. Clarke ; who it appears joined the business of a gunsmith to that of a preacher of peace, and whom perhaps you have heard of, and who, it seems, had declared the Maoris are as intelligent as the Saxons in England were, he said, "When on such authority I am gravely asked to believe that the New Zealanders, without either written language or hieroglyphic, or any single device for preserving a record of past events, by means of nothing but oral tradition

transmitted amidst wars that have over and over again shifted the possessions of every tribe in the islands, have preserved an accurate knowledge of the boundaries and succession of every portion of the soil for the space of thirty generations, or eight or nine hundred years ; when, on the same authority, I am asked to believe that the tribes of New Zealand, clothed in mats, ignorant of the use of any metal, feeding on rats and fern roots till Capt. Cook gave them potatoes, and scattered in filthy huts, present an aspect of equal civilisation with our Saxon ancestors when they had laid the foundations of half our ancient towns and cities, covered the land with those churches of which some still remain to excite the admiration of our architects, and divided the country into our present division of shires and hundreds and parishes, who possessed the foundations of our Parliamentary government, of our common law, and of our jury trial, for whom Alfred and the Confessor had legislated, Bede written history, and Dunstan had reared an ecclesiastical polity ; when such propositions as these are gravely offered to the House of Commons, I can but admire the simplicity of my honourable friend in affording us so decisive a test of the credulity that could swallow all these monstrous fictions which missionaries have invented for the sordid purpose of making out that the natives possessed and could convey to them a freehold tenure in the land."

Then he went on to show how small a number of Maoris there were compared to the large extent of the land, and broke out in a declaration of what always seems to me to be the true principle of colonisation and our excuse for occupying the lands of savage tribes. "It is preposterous to expect that the existence of such a population on portions of the soil of a vast country ought to exclude the rest of mankind from turning the unoccupied soil to account. God gave the earth to man to use—not to particular races to prevent all other men from using. He planted the principle of increase in us ; he limited our existence in no par-



ticular soil or climate, but gave us the power of ranging over the wide earth ; and I know of no principle of reason, no precept of revelation that gives the inhabitants of one valley in New Zealand a right to appropriate a neighbouring unoccupied valley in preference to the Englishman who cannot find the means of subsistence at home." This hit had a tremendous effect, and I thought I could detect something of Carlyle in it. At one time, when he came to speak of the treaty of Waitangi and how it was got up, and all the other rubbish the Government and missionaries went through, he denounced it all in the words of his master as "foolery, lies, and shams."

Hope, your member for Southampton and under Secretary for the Colonies, made a weak defence of Lord Stanley, and tired the House. The next night, a Mr. Barkley, a new member on the Conservative side, made his first speech, and a very good one too, taking the side of the New Zealand Co. against his own party, and finishing with these remarkable words, which, possibly, will some day be remembered, after the prophecy has come to pass :—"Make them (the New Zealand Co.)—make them your instrument in advancing New Zealand towards this height and importance among the civilised nations of the earth, which I believe her, under God's providence, to be destined to enjoy during future ages, when, perhaps, the history, the institutions, and the language of this now mighty empire of Great Britain may be indebted for preservation to the gratitude and veneration of her descendants planted by their efforts in what now strikes some of us as a few unimportant isles at our antipodes."

The debate was not over till three o'clock this morning, and I am so tired that though I could not refrain from writing to you about it while it was fresh in my mind, I cannot write more fully about myself or my late movements since I was called. When I go to the House I get so excited by the debates, and a tremendous desire to take part in them, that I generally suffer

for it the next day. I wonder whether I shall ever be making my first speech there, and if that should ever come to pass, whether I should do so well as Barkley did.

Good-bye, old friend, for the present, I will write again soon.

C. AUGUSTIN BAMPTON.

## The Isthmus.

SOME vision dim of God's eternity,  
And the less shadowy now, which death divides,  
Some vague conception of those parted tides,  
Were caught in wonder thus, it seems to me :  
To stand on Darien's mid-isthmus rocks,  
And watch the centuried leagues of either sea  
Tide at the base, with time-long constancy,  
As though a continent opposed their shocks ;  
Unconscious each of other's neighb'ring sea.  
Each with its fleets and monsters, lights and gloom ;  
Each with its memories of wealth and doom ;  
Each with its distance blue of mystery ;  
Each with its power of calm, its tempests grand,  
Divided only by a dream of land.

J. EASTWOOD KIDSON.

## Buzenval.

THERE was a stir in St. Sen ; women were standing about their doors in groups of four or five, talking, gesticulating, listening to every new item eagerly and excitedly ; round the great fountain in the place the men were lounging, listening to and now and then commenting on the speech that one of the more excitable fellows was hurling at them, in a high-pitched voice and with wild gestures. Even the little children had caught the infection of the news, and brown-haired little girls were eagerly disputing with crop-headed and wooden-shoed little peasants as to what it was all about. It was the 3rd of September, 1870, and the news was that of Sedan.

The great road from Enghien to the west passes through St. Sen, and as you leave the town on your way to Herblay, the last house stands on your left, a little old cottage, thatched, green with moss, and with everything about it to match, an old gate, a very old apple tree, a plot behind the house in the open plain, which had belonged to the cottage for ever so long, and to give life to the picture, an old woman in a red handkerchief by way of cap, placed there perhaps to give colour and a point of light—I do not know.

In front of this old house was a group of men on this day of the news ; in their midst an old man, a very old man, opinionated and given to strong expressions and graphic adjectives ; before him, and laughing at all he said, a young fellow of twenty, with blue eyes and curly-brown hair, two things which one doesn't always find together, tall, well-made, and what is called handsome, very pleasant, very gay. He was telling the old soldier his private opinion as to what the issue of the war would be, and



the veteran, who had seen Balaclava and wanted people to believe he had fought at Waterloo (only they didn't), was wrathful at his presumption, and when his adversary came out with the statement that by winter not a German would be left to fight at all, the old man got thoroughly angry, and seizing Maçon, for so the young man was named, by the shoulder with one hand, he pointed with the wrinkled forefinger of the other to the heights of Argenteuil and Malmaison far away, and said, "L'hiver ? hein ! ils seront là ; T'connais pas la guerre." And he stalked away. The heights of Malmaison and Argenteuil overhang Paris.

Now the old woman in a red handkerchief had a grandson. She was called La Mère Verlant, and he was called Verlant, and he had been listening to all that had passed, and thinking. She was a French peasant, nothing more—certainly nothing less. He was short and dark, and well built ; firm and decided in face ; firm and decided in figure and attitude ; moreover he had eyes. Not big eyes, but thoughtful ; not raven black (is it raven ? or is that the hair ?) but grey and very strong, always looking at something, never vacant ; sometimes, in fact usually, they were looking at something in his mind, at some thought or some face, but looking at them always, never useless. His father had died in the Crimea, his mother before Verlant was old enough to know or remember her ; and so now he was living with his grandmother, old Mère Verlant, and she had brought him up as a useful peasant, tilling his own land, gaining its utmost produce, up in the early morning for the Paris market, doing his duty to God and his village, whereas many think duty to one is enough. He had passed the conscription, as it was passed in those balmy days of the third empire, and had come out of it.

So he had grown up a French peasant, "whose uniform is the blouse," in all things but two ; he saw more clearly than most of them, and he thought more deeply, that is to say he could think better ; for they are one. He puzzled his grandmother : she could

not get him when a child to be as the other boys ; he played with them, and laughed with them, and was very much of a child, and later very much of a boy ; but he was different. In the first place, he had no shams about him. He was honest and manly, and had never read anything except occasional paragraphs in the *Petit Journal*, hence it was that he had not learnt that important lesson that whatever your hand findeth to do that should you do with three fingers. It was this guilelessness also which led him into sundry other follies besides energy. One of these was friendship. He had had a strong liking for Maçon when this latter was six and he was ten, and now that one was twenty and the other twenty-four it was friendship, and a friendship into which Verlant went head and ears, as all passionate inconsiderate natures will, and one in which Maçon was warm, but not after Verlant's fashion ; it was not his fault, he took it as strong as he could, and he could not go any farther, for the same reason that a six foot man cannot reach a ten foot peg.

Also he had another friend who had been his playmate with the other, and this second friend was the daughter of Tailleur the pépiniériste, who at this time was mayor of St. Sen-Taverny. Now Tailleur had not always been mayor of St. Sen ; when he was living in the little white house farther down the road he was no such grand person, and there was no objection to G  nevi  ve's playing with little Verlant, but Tailleur had capital and Tailleur was shrewd, and he bought land on the hill ; he bought two thousand francs worth and planted his shrubs ; to be sure that was not much, but he made profits and bought more, and before the good people of St. Sen were quite aware of what was going on, he of the ramshackle white house had become M. Tailleur, P  pini  riste    St. Sen S-et-O., and of such is the kingdom of this world.

All this happened while Verlant and G  nevi  ve were growing up and were still friends, and it pleased the old man not at all, for he said to himself:—" My daughter has a large dot and it

shall be made larger if need be, and it has not been laid up for this kind of thing." A "de"—well no, perhaps not a "de," but someone in the village who had place and influence, or maybe the son of one of the Mayors of Enghien ; oh ! yes, that would not be so bad ; but a peasant, one who tilled his own land and nothing more, one of the class from which he had risen, no ! a definite and positive no ! And the old man would walk down the Herblay road, and look over at the plot of field land behind the cottage, and then at the cottage itself, and would shake his head and mutter and grumble and be very determined indeed. And as he passed back La Mère Verlant would accost him so familiarly as fairly to upset the balance of the Mayor of St. Sen-Taverny ; but it was most natural that she should do so, because she remembered the days when he lived in the white house, and did not despise a help from the pot-au-feu Verlant. And he would go home more angry and determined than ever, and it was absolutely of no use in the world, for G  nevi  ve did not see any reason for giving up her friends, and if G  nevi  ve did not see a thing Tailleur P  re could not make her.

And so matters stood on the day after the Sedan with regard to those two. And G  nevi  ve was knitting and looking over the green iron gate, and Verlant was leaning back with arms folded, considering and cogitating and turning the situation of France over and over in his mind, and Ma  on was disputing, as we have seen, when the old man went away, and his going stopped the talk, and Verlant woke up and took Ma  on and went off with him to the house of the Mayor.

There they found G  nevi  ve, and Verlant looked on while she and Ma  on talked and heard not a word they said ; and as the morning drew on, Ma  on went away, and Verlant was left with his old playmate, and they talked together, he quietly and rarely, and she continually and brightly, talking of everything which she thought would interest him and keep his mind off the war, for he took an interest in the defeat of his country which

(considering that it could not hurt him very much) was almost morbid and certainly absurd ; but then his nation are all the same. They talk as though *La France* was really an existing thing. And as she talked he listened, and as he listened he loved her all the more for her kindness and sympathy, and he thought of all that had passed since they were children ; of how he had grown shy in his words and playing with her, and how he could not account to himself for that shyness ; how after that he had felt a sweeter friendship and had wondered at it, and how at last he knew its nature and revered her the more ; and how since then she had grown to him more and more dear ; and at last he woke up to the present and to her voice with a start. She laughed and told him he had been dreaming, and he said " No, he had heard every word she said," but this was not true. Then he looked at her a little while and went away ; and as he went away he thought of all that was to him best and highest and noblest and most beautiful, his ideal ; only he did not put it in that way ; he thought he was thinking of *Géneviève*.

And she thought, as he walked away, what a good fellow he was ; what an honest, manly fellow, and what a good friend he would make her through all the happy life she promised herself, and thence she drifted off into her own thoughts and indulged her own romance and was happy. And up the road towards her came *Maçon* ; she had begun to knit, as was her custom ; but as he drew near she looked up once or twice from her needles, and when he came up to the fence, why, then they began to talk ; but their talk had a peculiar zest about it, and they found it of more interest than the subject-matter promised, and this was but natural, for they had chosen one another. And *Verlant* walked away towards *Herblay* and the fields.

It was high noon when he reached his ground and began to work, and he worked all day through the heat and into the cooler evening, thinking of *Géneviève*, for he said to himself that he would go to her that day and tell her in plain words that



which he was sure she knew already ; then came the thought of Tailleur père, and the thought vexed himself, for he knew that he had money, and would ask for more in a suitor, and though Verlant was not poor, it seemed hopeless to try to come up to the standard of a rich pépiniériste. But, again, he was strong and willing, and his land was good, and he could sell it if the worst came to the worst. And then, there was Gèneviève ; yes, she had a will of her own, and would bring her father over ; he trusted in her doing it, poor fellow. He judged her by his own untutored self, and thought that all courtship consisted of those little things—looks, and hand pressing hand, and little field-flowers offered after the day's work, and therein he was mistaken.

And the day grew cooler and the breeze came down from the hills, and the sun set over Poissy, and at its setting he gathered up his spade and the flowers he had picked for Gèneviève, and turned towards St. Sen. Behind him the sun was setting, had set. Up the Enghien valley to which he was turning came the mist, white and vague, rolling on towards St. Sen, and above the mist the sky in the east was darkened and night had come upon the hills ; but towards the Couplans and the hills the light lingered yet, a rosy light that was caught by the slow waters of the Seine and thrown far off, so that men in the fields beyond Herblay could see glimpses of shining water against the dark trees of the wood, a light that gleamed reddest where the trees of the forest stood up against it in the west ; a gold that was changing into grey twilight on the stretching plain, and that had died already in the blue above, where the great stars were coming out most faintly and timidly, the vanguard of the thousands shining to see if the day had died and left the darkness to them.

Out of the light into the darkness Verlant went homewards ; and as he went his heart grew lighter, for the cool evening is strong to give hope and gladness ; and he held the little blue flowers all the more carefully in his brown hand that they might

be fresh and unfaded when he came to her in the town, and as he held them his thought turned on to his future, and on the poor foundations which were true he laid a coming life of happiness and joy, and saw himself winning at last in the hard fight, with his end gained and his love blessed, and to him it seemed true and certain ; but it was a dream.

That evening G  nevi  ve had chosen, and, saying nothing new, had put a seal to that which was already signed ; and he whom she had chosen had gone timidly up the great steps and with fear and trembling had asked the mayor his question ; and the mayor had begged him to be seated and had looked at him through his glasses, and had asked him sundry questions as to prospects and occupation, and had received answers with a big margin tacked on for luck. And then the mayor had reflected : Ma  on was not a "de," but his parents owned the square bit upon the church, and had laid money by, and he had hummed and hawed, and reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and accepted him. Wherefore he was very glad at heart that night as he went out into the plain. And it is not so bad after all, for it never could have happened, you know, and there are no silent people like Verlant and no such girls as G  nevi  ve.

And Verlant walked on into the darkness and out of the darkness ; his fate came to meet him ; for as he neared the town, Ma  on came upon him just where the road passes through the shrubbery as you come from the Bezon Hills. All his face was glad, the face that was always merry and smiling was radiant now. He came full upon Verlant round the turning, and when Verlant saw his gladness, he was glad also ; he was so happy in the victory over the future which his mind had just won ; he was so happy in the love he was so sure of that he could afford to sympathise with his friend ; and he laughed and laid his hand upon Ma  on's shoulder, and asked him the cause of his gladness. And then Ma  on told his secret, how he had asked and what he had asked, and how afraid he had been of the issue, and now it

was all safe. Then he began after the ancient and time-honoured fashion to launch out in praise of G  nevi  ve; and Verlant listened.

So all the way to the cross-roads he talked, and the other often thought. Then Verlant did a very odd thing. He began to speak and stopped—stopped dead. Then he began again, and he asked Ma  on all about his love and his plans for the future and the happy coming time, and when they parted at the gate of the old cottage, he saw nothing but sympathy and friendship in Verlant's eyes, and he went away whistling (for ill-regulated people whistle when they are happy), and dreaming of the to-be, forgetting the war and Prussians and everything except the ugly green fence of the mayor's house and the stone steps before it—and G  nevi  ve. And so his part was played, and his romance and dream had come true; he had reached port, and after all he was one of the million as much as the other.

But Verlant opened the gate slowly and walked up the little path and paused. Then as though he saw nothing he felt for the latch and lifted it and went into the room. La M  re Verlant was sitting in her red head-dress before the fire and his chair was opposite. But he did not seem to see her, he looked dazed, and as he sat down beside the wood on that first chilly day of the year she spoke to him and asked him questions but he could not answer. In his mind there was passing, not thought, but that ceaseless repetition of the blow that comes after a great sorrow, the fact continually coming up without colour, without life, with no thought, with no action, simply the thing that has happened coming up for ever as the throbbing comes in bodily pain. At last he spoke and he said: "Grand'm  re, the Prussians will be here soon." "I know it, mon fils, I know it." "They will come to Paris." She knew it but she did not answer. "Grand'm  re, I am going." "Where?" "To Paris, to-night." "To Paris, child? why it is late, it is dark." "Nevertheless I am going;"



and when he had said good-bye and put what things he needed into his bundle, he walked out into the night.

And so the 3rd of September was past. And to France and Verlant it had brought most bitter tidings, but France was France and the war was not for ever. Verlant was a peasant of St. Sen and to him the end had come. And after all it was one incident and it came to one of the million.

Winter. Winter keen and cold on the high hills around the city; winter lurking in the white mists that lay upon the plain of Le Vesinet; winter winds sweeping down the slopes, broad-breasted, wild, rushing headlong through the streets and lanes of the river suburbs till they reached the wide avenues of the town, there to torture the defeated with their sharp ice darts, to add another pang to hunger, to make death even more bitter; winter, hard, unpitying, exulting in its power over a people in the last agony of a vain defence. The winter of the war, the last season of the *Année Terrible*.

Piercingly sharp was the frost to the conquerors round their cheerful fires of Louis Quatorze chairs and rich carvings in their billets in the chateaux where they were waiting for the capitulation; even to the men of iron it was bitter, penetrating through their blue coats, making them wish perhaps that there was no such thing in the world as the stereotyped German hardness which enforced such insufficient covering. Piercingly cold was it also to rich men in the city, the men who could afford really large rats and horseflesh (not to speak of other less choice and luxurious dishes), the men who had no lack of banisters to burn. How cold then to the poor of Paris? Through the siege they waited unmurmuring, patient; when the rat came they were thankful, when the horseflesh came they praised God, that is the pious ones did; when the capitulation came they said, "Already?" That was all. No wonder that such trifling things as these were passed over by the chivalrous invaders, no wonder that with the delicate perception of their race they hit upon the



very crime whose enormity cancelled the specious virtue of the besieged, namely, hope. How they laughed at the excitement these fools would get into, at some small success or other, how amusing were their fiery attempts to break the iron enceinte, how incomprehensible it was that a country defeated and despairing, with all its army imprisoned, could not look at the matter calmly, organize in a month what Prussia had organized in sixty years, form of untrained peasant lads and men who had never put gun to shoulder an army which could do something reasonable instead of this eternal shilly-shally. Gott in Himmel! how funny it all was!

In this the winter of the war there was gathered, waiting for the order to march, a group of mobiles, some asleep, most of them sleeping in fact, the rest talking in subdued whispers; one only was neither asleep nor talking—Verlant. He was looking out to the west where the sortie was to be made, and as he looked he thought. What he was thinking about is worth relating since it is a very striking instance of the power of the ideal over the uneducated mind, or rather of the capabilities of the undeveloped faculties to grasp the abstract. He was thinking of France. How would she survive this her defeat? How would she ever be able to lift her head once more upon the nations? He knew France and he knew the French. He knew (though he did not put it to himself in that fashion) that the French had the power to rise after the most severe defeat, on account of their possession of that faculty (or, it may be, disposition) so appropriately named their *elasticity*, a word expressing at once the high patriotism and true nature of people. But he could not guess to what a point the gutta-percha (to continue the above well chosen metaphor) could be stretched, and he thought as he prepared that day for the last struggle, how useless it was if the honour of France, which the long siege had so nobly redeemed, was to be of no weight in the recovery of the nation. So mused

Verlant. Then came the order and they fell into line; then to join the others, Marche! and it was the beginning.

It was in the early morning before dawn on the nineteenth of January, in the year 1871. When Paris had passed the twenty-two days, it seemed that there was to be siege; Paris went on as yet well-fed. It was really going to be a long affair. Then Paris got hungry, and the end had come at last. But Paris got still hungrier and yet the end did not come; it passed the month, the hundred days, still the cursed obstinacy was untamed; Paris was very hungry indeed. It passed the hundred-and-twentieth day, and now here was the nineteenth of January, the day of Buzenval, and the end must come very soon.

Yesterday the great question which has puzzled so many tourists on the Rhine when they heard it propounded by the brass band of the lust-garten, "What *is* the German Fatherland?" had been triumphantly answered when the affecting sight of the aged conqueror placing the crown of the Empire on the head of the most worthy, placing it proudly in the great historic hall of his enemies, in a palace covered with the paintings of the numberless defeats of his nation, drew tears from the eyes of the youth and beauty of his land. "L'Empire c'est la paix;"—Oh, men of beyond the Rhine! you have conquered; you are here. You laid your victory at your victors' feet on a spot where Napoleon and the Grand Monarch looked on in astonished approval, you marched proudly through the streets of the men you hated, you sneered at a valiant defence, but as you passed beneath the record of your defeats, above you, carved in stone, enduring, was a valiant victory; the name of Jena looked towards your country, you did not shatter that, men of beyond the Rhine.

Now, in the words of the poet, "But this, all this, a parenthesis!" So Verlant marched with the others to join the main body. When this was accomplished there was silence—the

silence of a multitude of men—a silence to which no other stillness is equal; all dark, except here or there a lantern flashing, then once more march! Thousands of feet come down together on to the crusted slush. The great body of men moves forward, and through the night and fog the citizen hears the tramp! tramp! of the army; that sound, so encouraging in its suggestion of unlimited strength, when men have battle before them on a clear morning, with full armament and trumpet, and all that makes the heart beat when it hears of war, is dull and heavy on the minds of those who know that they are going out to the last of a series of defeats, and, knowing it, go out for all that, because, in the end, it will be of use to their country. Men in such straits, even though they are tyrants, must have some other thing to spur them on than the glory of victory and the fiery pleasure of the fight.

So that great body of men tramped on; over the river, up the heights that rise to Valerien and the hills, with constant halts, with incomprehensible movements and returns, each prefaced by the cry of command sounding through the fog of the night, they went, and through the mist the day began to glimmer, but they had not reached the highest point yet. Why tell of the monstrous climb up the spurs of Valerien, of the sameness of the dull tramp? They gained the highest point at last, close beneath the fort, and here the roar of the guns sounded more loud above them; far away over two miles of rising field-land, was the long white wall of Buzenval, and before it, stretched from Rueil to St. Cloud, on the heights from time to time, the Prussians. The Prussians. Not men. Long lines of points and dashes, helmets and cannon mouths, and the ends of rifle-barrels, stretch before that long white wall. Not men. Why disgrace our manhood by fighting with that brutal instrument, physical force? Why use the lower part of man, the body, in an affair whose issue is of such moment? No, every instinct of a refined and civilized society bids us work with that higher thing—the



brain, the soul ! Therefore, cast your steel well, and turn the bore of your cannon skilfully, raise earth and protect your bodies from any consequence of unrestrained action on the part of the ill-regulated man who is your foe, point the Death well, and show no particle or vestige of your heroic frames, then wait secure, and laugh to see the fools come on ; use, if need be, that argument men cannot face, and send him who could have closed in equal battle to a death whose author he had never seen, make his name one of the list of the dead in the news next day ; but, above all, never disgrace your training by a show of native feeling, and remember that a well-timed sneer is effective, especially if directed at a folly so obvious as hand-to-hand fight ; point out to all men that though your enemy could force you back, his untrained manhood has no chance against the genius of indiscriminate slaughter ; do all this carefully and well, and men will lift their heads to you for a great man, and one skilled in the arts of war.

The Prussians ! All the stern unflinching attitude of the German Empire was expressed in that word. The Empire had not lived its life of one day in vain ; but can it have been prophetic that on the day after its creation men could stand and say, "Here Regnault fell—here the Redoubt was forced. Here were the extreme reserves on the very ground which in the morning Germany of the needle gun held, grimly waiting to teach the Franzosen their place."

Well ! in the morning the Prussians held that wall. In the garden behind them were the reserves, and away behind these, five miles back among the hills, covered by line upon line of men in readiness and batteries to rake every approach, Versailles, "the objective point of attack" of the sortie.

*But objectif, Versailles.* How sarcastic those words seem in the brief official accounts of that splendid effort of untrained heroism ; who among all that crowd of men dreamt of anything but a total reverse ? Who thought to shed his blood for any end



more immediate than his country's honour? Nay, who anticipated the results which actually were gained? Who could imagine that a lot of half-starved fellows, and Franzosen into the bargain, could do what they did against united Germany that day? There must have been some undiscerned flaw in the calculations at Versailles. But we do not know. History, which has been called distilled falsehood, is silent on the point, just as it is silent, if pointed across the Rhine, on the subject of the forcing of the left, the retreat of the right, and the shifting of the centre rearward for strategical purposes.

But the armistice followed, therefore it was a defeat for you who forced us back, but for us who yielded it was Victory. *Væ Victis ; Væ Victoribus.*

The ground rises from the river at Rueil, wooded and steep ; these hills and woods are Malmaison. Thence the leafy line sweeps straight across the high plateau before Valerien, till one comes to the village of Garches. Up at that village we turn to the left, on towards Paris we come to St. Cloud, and meet the river again ; all this line from river to river the Germans held, and on their right as they faced Valerien, were the batteries and the redoubt which were to defend the connections with the headquarters at Versailles.

Behind this redoubt on the right was a wood, behind the wood was a farm. In this farm the Prince Imperial of the Empire of Germany had established his head-quarters. In the battle it was the extreme German right.

Such was the position of the German soldiers, and the French civilians were coming on to death over the hill of Valerien. As they reached the place where the ground falls away to the valley before Buzenval wall, a number of men were left as reserves, and other bodies coming over the hill from Bourbevoie joined the reserves as the day went on, thus allowing the first to move somewhat in the direction of the attack ; but as yet, in the morn-

ing, the reserves were not moving and the front went on to the white wall.

Now it is a well-known fact that Frenchmen cannot fight well unless they have an opportunity to display élan, fiery charges and the rest; to all this there were on the day of Buzenval natural obstacles which could not be overcome. Imprimis the human body needs food, and the French army had eaten up the horses so that there were no cavalry regiments; secondly, the attack had to be made up hill in a fog; thirdly, the ground over which it lay was field-land, peasants' land, some of it ploughed, some of it planted with a thick growth of short brush, some of it full of grass running rank and high, all of it sodden and wet and muddy. Therefore it was no time for a charge. And yet the attack was to be made, how would they do it these Franzosen? As yet only the first few corps were actually advancing to the attack; the rest were spreading out and making ground more slowly; large detachments were left at La Feuilleuse, a farm right under Valerien, some two miles from the Prussian positions, the rest moved on. Valerien covered them after a fashion; not that it did not do its best, but that that best could not be equal to the work of the numerous batteries of the enemy, which had, moreover, the choice of the whole field for positions. The advance continued, the shots were becoming more frequent, there was now less than a mile between the opposing ranks. Still the advance is continued doggedly. When is the rush coming, where is the charge, where are the clouds of smoke, the cries of the wounded, the yells of the chargers, the curses of the repulsed, the clashing steel, blue steel I think it is called, and all that gaudy tinsel of war in which those Franzosen are so great? Not here, blood and iron, not here! needle guns and perfect discipline, not here! Sons of the German Rhine, whose one desire is peace, who hate to make the blood of men to flow, there is here a new specimen of the madness of these men whom you despise. Undisciplined, ignorant,

weak as they are, they conceive the idea of attacking the long white wall.

How would they do it? The needle guns and pickel-haubes did not know, and probably did not care; they were doing it, that was enough. The forage caps and swords knew, that is, they knew that the attack would be made and that the folly of the Franzosen was equal even to walking up hill against Germans, but they probably cared no more than the others, a few would be shot, a great many would die, and then at night the sortie would have failed, as all the others had. Bah! And a great many were shot, and a great many did die, and the sortie failed (*mirabile dictu*), and yet it was not Bah! Only wait, the *élan* will come, say they of the eagle eye who hold the artillery on the heights, yes the fiery folly will come and we shall nip these Franzosen and then it will be Bah!

And in the silence between the crashing from Valerien the advance goes on; the French are in the hollow, on the slope, the two miles between them is now less than one. Boom! On the left something whistling high above them, the redoubt has opened. Then Bang! from the centre a disorder somewhere in front, a momentary check, fill up the gap; then reports more and more frequent. Verlant sees nothing at all, he can hear the increasing noise and the rapid exchange of fire, nearer and nearer; then the great mass of men feels a shock such as of a sudden check in a rapid march, still Verlant, in the fog and the smoke, and being in the middle of his regiment, sees nothing, but there comes a rattle of sharp firing and crash upon crash of bursting shell, and he knows that the battle has begun; in fact, the French had advanced to such a point that the needle gun thought it time to say Stop! and it said so, vigorously and decidedly. The cannon had come to the same decision, its first opening was the command, this thunder was the enforcement. And yet, madly, foolishly, recklessly the French press on; what has possessed these Franzosen? Why are they breaking all the canons of

modern warfare? They cannot hope to reach the Reservoir? Surely they do not think to break the chain now, which three good months of victory have tightened round their city? Why are they coming on? They are coming on, men of the Rhine, for the honour of their country. Folly! folly! They are fighting for the phantom Honour, for the old lost idea of Patrie; they are dying, however vainly, to show that they will resist you to the end, against all odds, against all reason, in defence of what to them is France, the free hills and pleasant poplared rivers, the broad stretches of cornland and wild forest which they love, and what is more than all to them, the little patch of land which each man calls his own, the village home, the children and the wife, the Hearth God. For all this old time folly, men still throw away their lives, even the men of France. It may be that they are right.

Verlant of St. Sen-Taverny presses on with the rest; there is a lull for a moment, and a half whisper goes on that the Prussian centre is taking up a new position. It is late, past mid-day. Why are they yielding, so that the left and right may come down and enclose them? No! for they are yielding on the Bougival Road—their weak point; no one dreamt of forcing the triple left, but the right are all falling back in the wood now, and the batteries are at play away in the wood, or on the far side of the park; they are falling back on La Celle, and then there is the Versailles road, and then there—No! it is a trap. Verlant will not be misled by vain hopes, it is only mid-day as yet, and they are getting us into the woods to come round us afterwards. But no—again! That cannot be, if that were so the right would not have fallen back; and there is the left, the redoubt cannot support the Prussian left, it is being attacked. Suddenly the rumour comes again. The redoubt is taken; it is not believed, but it is true; *how*, heaven knows! but it is so. The hypothesis that they are yielding to these volunteer regiments is absurd.

Far away the capote is rushing forward where the piket haube



held the trenches in the morning. The firing of the redoubt ceases, and Verlant knows that the left is successful with the centre and right, and a great gladness comes to him, for it seems that his country is not wholly lost. Then rises another rumour, "the left is at Garches." Then it is victory already, and praise be to God. But the left were not at Garches; night came and found them fighting, gaining ground inch by inch, but turned them back before Garches was gained; for men need food, and there was horse-flesh soup behind the reserves, so they turned back after that hard struggle. And the sortie failed.

But Verlant knew nothing of this,—of what was to be. He believed, in the gladness of the moment, that the left were at Garches, and he believed that victory had come at last.

The Tirailleurs were in the Park; and Verlant's heart was happy. It was glorious to know that the sons of his country were so strong.

Then a little incident occurred; one of the thousand incidents of that day. Out of the La Celle woods there came a puff of white smoke; one of a thousand puffs of white smoke, which meant that a German Tirailleur had pulled trigger. But the bullet which accompanied that particular puff did more work than most do in a battle; it killed a man. Verlant felt first the cold pain, then as he reeled for the first time that day, St. Sen and the stone cottage of the old woman who waited for his return came dimly over his dying thought, and last of all G  n  vi  ve; and then, after that vision of a moment, the darkness came upon him, and his place was filled up, and the others surged past him in their forward march, and he was left, one more defender lost, behind the field. In Peace.

Night! clear and beautiful; very blue and dark. Under the night the field of the battle, those things which in the day were men lying thickly all around. In the park there were the Tirailleurs' bodies, in the open the bodies of the assault and the last advance. The sortie had failed. Yes; in the darkness how evi-

dent this was, the dead who once were fools looking up to the sky of their country, the living who still were wise, waiting for victory. Oh ! what a failure that was, such failure as men know who, feeling that they have won the hard fight, and that they stand where their enemies stood after the heat of the hard struggle, find that there is that in modern warfare which is of more value than manhood, and, cursing the night and the famine, cursing more bitterly the lie of the well-planned game, go back to the despairing city for which they offered their lives to say, "We conquered—but—here we are ; the sortie is repulsed." God ! what repulse, what failure ! Almost can one understand the madness that came over the city in the spring months when one hears the tale of the last sortie.

Little to be told more. Verlant has fallen, and of Verlant is this story. Verlant was not dead ; death waited for another end, more merciful to him than to others. Have you heard of Regnault's death ? No ? Well, it is good material, work it up, and it will look well in some magazine, in big type, with a title of one syllable ; also is it very fine in itself. Regnault's was a great death ; but there were a thousand other deaths as great of which men shall not hear from the lips of high fame, but which are as bitterly remembered by them that loved. My brother, war is an awful thing [five milliards. Alsace-Lorraine.] Gentlemen of the Reichstag, these French are an ever present danger, they will not take their defeat as true men should, let us in all charity make them do it.

Well, all the world enlisted in those days, and Maçon had enlisted ; he was with Verlant through the siege, and they did not speak to each other because Verlant had kept away from him in fear of the old friendship. But when Maçon got into the town he heard that Verlant was left, and when it was permitted he went to search with others. And they found, with his arm clasped about his rifle, and his face scarcely seen by the dim starlight, him whom they sought ; on the heart that had been so

bravely turned to the front was the round mark and the slight trickle of blood that the lead of the needle-gun had drawn; "lead?" No, lead and iron in the proportion of three to five or something else; it is cheaper. He had not died yet, but death was very near when they found him. He did not know his pain. Maçon was very glad when he saw his friend; he did not know of the old love, and he took his hand in his and held it. And the three men around did a foolish and dramatic thing: they took off their caps and stood in silence as Maçon spoke to Verlant. Kneeling down, he spoke to him, "Dis-donc, Verlant." What more? Nothing; and the simple address of the friend's voice made Verlant look at him. Then his soul, into which the stillness was coming, tried to know what was around it. Dimly seeing the face he loved, he thought it was another's whom, far away in Enghien valley, he had loved in the old times of peace, with the love which is first, and looking on the face he spoke to her who was his love; and suddenly his thought going back to the day of the news, and thinking that he had his gift of flowers, he said: "Tiens! elles sont encore fraîches! qu'elles sont bleues, n'est-ce pas, Gèneviève?" Then came over his face that which tells that he of the stillness has come, and his eyes grew dim and very sad, and he said: "Mais non, Gèneviève! mais non!" and later they buried him beneath the ground in defence of which he had died, and Maçon came back from the war a man, and told the news. He and Gèneviève live in the long farm on Enghien road. As for the old woman, she is very old, older still now, and on fine summer evenings sits waiting for Verlant as he comes home from the fields; but he does not come. Gèneviève was told of the meaningless sentence which was Verlant's last, and she was pleased to know that he thought of her in death: it was well to have held friendship with one so brave and true.

HILARY BELLOC.

## The Haydock Papers.

### Westby Hall.

He proved himself a match for Mr. Chambers Slaughter, and remained at Westby till his death in August, 1721, aged 61. His immediate successor was Fr. John Berington, *alias* Harper, S.J., chaplain to Wm. Hesketh, of the Maynes, Little Singleton, Esq. Fr. Harper was likewise a keen sportsman. On May 31, 1712, Thomas Tyldesley, the Jacobite squire, records in his diary going to Layton Hayes, near Blackpool, to see a race between Fr. Harper's mare and that of the Rev. Nicholas Sanderson. "A greatt deall of good company" assembled to witness the contest between the worthy Jesuit and secular priests. Nicholas Sanderson was an old school-fellow of the diarist, first at Ladywell, Fernyhalgh, and afterwards at St. Omer's College. Eventually, he was ordained priest at the English College at Rome. Tyldesley does not state the result of the race, but it is not unreasonable to assume that the Jesuit proved his superiority as a trainer, for Nick's nephew and namesake sent his son to St. Omers' and the family ever afterwards remained staunch to the Society. The Rev. William Winckley, subsequently rural-dean of Leyland Hundred, was present at the race, and accompanied the diarist to Mr. Clifton's at Lytham after the sport was over. A little later, on June 18, the Jacobite company again met at Lytham Hall, and after dinner Fr. Harper once more entered his grey mare, "14 and an inch," to contest the same course with Sir Francis Andrews, Bart., James Singleton of Raygill, the diarist's son, Edward Tyldesley, and the young lord of Rawcliffe,



Richard Butler, of whom unhappily the last three were so soon to stake and lose their estates in the Chevalier de St. George's dash for the throne in 1715.

When Bishop Williams made his visitation of Lancashire in the beginning of 1729, the Westby congregation was included in that of Lytham under Fr. John Bennett, and 247 were confirmed at the hall. In 1741, Fr. Bennett removed to Highfield, near Wigan, and Fr. Harper took his place at Lytham Hall, where he remained till his death, August 28, 1743, aged 70. Fr. Roger Leigh, S.J., who entered the Society in 1728, came from Liverpool to Westby when Fr. Harper left. During Fr. Barrow's troubles, and probably for some years afterwards, William Lathom was the tenant-farmer of Westby Hall. The Lathoms were connections of the Leighs of Aspull, for Fr. Roger Leigh died at the house of his nephew, Thomas Lathom, in Wigan Lane, Jan. 29, 1781, aged 73. Fr. Roger was apparently the son of James Leigh, of Aspull, son of Roger Leigh, of the same place, both non-jurors in 1717. In or before 1745 he was succeeded by Fr. William Weldon, *alias* Hunter, S.J., from Ince Blundell who died here in 1761. Fr. Thomas Cuerden, S.J., then took charge of the mission, which he retained until 1791, when he removed to Scholes, near Prescott, and died in 1793. On Sept. 21, 1784, Bishop M. Gibson visited Westby, and confirmed 78 persons, the number of communicants in the congregation being returned at 360. Some time previous to Fr. Cuerden's time, it was customary for Mr. Clifton's chaplain to say an early mass at Lytham Hall and a later one at Westby Hall. After Fr. Cuerden's removal, Westby ceased to be a Jesuit mission, the Society having been suppressed in 1773. From 1791 to 1820, the mission was served by Dom Richard Bernard Butler, O.S.B., grandson of Xfr. Butler, youngest son of Richard Butler, Esq., of Rawcliffe Hall, by his wife Catherine, daughter of Thomas Carus, of Halton Hall, Esq. Fr. Butler was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Pinnington, who retained

possession of the mission until 1830. It seems, however, that Dom Peter Athanasius Allanson, O.S.B., served at the chapel during a short period, probably immediately after his ordination in 1828. The Rev. George Leo Haydock took possession of the mission on Sept. 25, 1830. He only remained eleven months, and on Aug. 22, 1831, the Rev. John Dixon was installed in the mission, and remained until the Cliftons closed the chapel in 1845.

The income of the mission at this time, Mr. Haydock says, writing in 1847, amounted to about £100. "John Clifton paid for all repairs, several hundreds, while I was there. But in Aug., 1831, his son Thomas went over to ye Protestant church, and after some years shut up ye chapel, and my successor, John Dixon, got to Cottam happily. John Clifton died Mar. 23, 1832, near London, perhaps still a Catholic, and was brought to be buried at Lytham. His son, upon whose wife I once called, about June, 1831, was zealous for ye Protestant church. He had never been so for ye Catholic church, though educated at St. Cuthbert's College, and—marrying a Protestant clergyman's daughter, said to have been a Jewess, and both gamblers—probably neglecting a good conscience, easily made shipwreck of ye faith. May he return before it be too late. His son (John Talbot Clifton, who returned to the faith before his death) got awhile to be M.P. for North Lancashire, and talked foolishly about ye Protestant prayer-book, denying that there was any prayer for 'plenty' and against 'dearth,' being a protectionist. The Clifton family has injured ye congregation at Westby, which had just beautified ye chapel at £100 expense. The father of Thomas, and son of ye admired old squire, had formerly suppressed Salwick chapel, and had a lawsuit (in which he was cast) with Mr. Lund, &c., on ye death of good old Rev. Wilson. The judge said he might have been transported, and he was probably ye first who had thus acted towards his own church. He lived at variance with his wife Riddell (daughter of Thos. Horton Widdrington Riddell, of

Swinburne Castle), and all this tended to his ruin. We must pray for all benefactors—as ye family was long—and for enemies too.”

The old chapel attached to Westby Hall stood at the western end of the building, and hardly a trace of it can now be seen. It was erected in 1741, and was formally opened on May 1, 1742. Like most of the other chapels in the Fylde, it was “up-steps.” After its closure in 1845, the congregation was annexed to The Willows, Kirkham, but the rapid development of the Catholic population soon rendered the church there far too small for those attending it. Consequently, Dean Fred. Hines, of The Willows, purchased from Col. John Talbot Clifton, of Lytham, a site for a new chapel at Westby, a short distance from the hall. Miss Elizabeth Dalton, of Thurnham Hall, paid for the land; Miss Orrell, of Blackbrook, gave £500; Mr. W. Billington, of Kirkham, bore the entire expense of the chancel; Mr. John Hodgson, of Goosnargh, gave £100; and Mr. John Sidgreaves, of Lytham, a similar amount. The foundation-stone of the new church, which is dedicated to St. Anne, was laid May 31, 1859, by Bishop Goss, and on Aug. 26, 1860, it was opened. The design of the church is peculiar, being one of the bishop’s ideas carried out by the younger Pugin. For fourteen months after the opening Dean Hines served the mission from The Willows, after which his curate, the Rev. William Ball, was appointed to take charge of it.

### The Golden Tagg.

“ Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.”

*Addison.*

As Mr. Haydock did not cease to press his claims and to

dispute the justice of the various decisions of the arbitrators and of his superiors, the bishop suspended him on Aug. 31, 1831, from saying Mass and exercising his priestly functions. Mr. Haydock retired quietly to "The Golden Tagg," the title of endearment he gave to his home. In the autumn of the following year he addressed an appeal in Latin to the prefect of propaganda, which he requested his old pupil, Bishop Gradwell, the late agent for the vicar's apostolic at Rome, to transmit thither. But the bishop instead sent it to the superior against whom Mr. Haydock appealed. On Jan. 29, 1837, after Bishop Penswick's death, Mr. Haydock petitioned that he might be allowed to fit up an altar and say Mass privately at his residence, The Golden Tagg, and later, he a third time appealed to Rome direct. Shortly after he was informed by the vicar-general, Mr. Sherburne, "without any explanation," that he might go to the mission at Penrith.

Thus for eight years and a quarter the old man resided at The Tagg, devoting himself to study, with his books all around him, lining the walls, and piled in heaps on the floors.<sup>1</sup> His banishment was indeed long, yet he could afterwards say with Prospero :

" Me, poor man ! my library  
Was dukedom large enough."

*Shakespeare—Tempest, Sc. II.*

### Penrith.

" At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

*Goldsmith—Deserted Village.*

After the so-called Reformation, and during the time when

<sup>1</sup> The sale of his library by public auction at Preston, by Mr. H. C. Walton, in July, 1851, occupied a week. It contained many curious Catholic MSS.



the penal laws were in vigorous operation, the ancient faith had still a few adherents in Penrith. Mr. Walker, in his history of the town, tells us that an entry in the parish register records that upon the 19th of June, 1681, five Catholics were summoned to appear before the chancellor at Penrith. This summons appears to have been disregarded, for an excommunication by the bishop of Carlisle, under the seal of the office, was shortly afterwards published, and the contumacious parties were denounced by the vicar as excommunicated, while several other persons who were summoned along with the Catholics, having made proper submission, were absolved, and their absolution publicly proclaimed. In 1717, the Catholics who registered their estates in the vicinity, were Henry Charles Howard, of Greystoke Castle; Joyce Mounsey, widow of Cuthbert Mounsey, of Stainton; her son John, of the same place, yeoman; John Robinson, of Brockell Moor, in Lazonby; and Lancelot Garth, of Hesket, yeoman—all in the county of Cumberland; and in Westmoreland, John Huddleston, of Hail Grange, in Newbiggin, gent. The Blencowes, of Blencowe Hall, were Catholics at one period, Hutton John belonged to the Huddlestons, and the last of the Fletchers of Hutton Hall died a Catholic. But there is no record of where the Catholics of Penrith attended Mass.

Perhaps it was the Franciscans who served the district at this time, for it was Fr. Martin (à S. Carolo) Grimstone, O.S.F., who converted Sir Henry Fletcher, of Hutton Hall, co. Cumberland. The good baronet was the son of Sir George Fletcher by his wife, Alice, daughter of Hugh, Viscount Colerain. Betham calls him "a gentleman of great hopes and expectations." He was educated in the Protestant religion, but became a Catholic, and settled his estate of about £1,500 a year on a distant relation, Thomas Fletcher, of Moresby, Esq., reserving only a small competency for life. He then retired to Douay, and fitted up an apartment for himself adjoining the English Franciscan monastery dedicated to St. Bonaventure. There he died, May 19,

1712, in the 54th year of his age. He was buried on the north side of the choir, before the high altar, in the beautiful conventual church which he had just erected for the friars at his own expense. It was solemnly consecrated by Clement, Archbishop of Cologne, on the following Nov. 13. By a codicil to his will Sir Henry left legacies to the amount of £850, which the commissioners for forfeited estates in 1716 declared to be for superstitious uses. The money was accordingly seized, as also "a large altar, with other plate of Sir Henry Fletcher's," which sold for £960. Of the latter sum, £225 was paid to the discoverer.

"No marble decks thy grave to tell  
The tale of one I loved so well ;  
But Angel eyes thy vigil keep,  
And living forms come here to weep."

*Phil. Hen. Howard, of Corby.*

On May 22, 1833, a large room situated on the south side of the churchyard at Penrith, was opened as a chapel, which was attended from Wigton by the Rev. John Dowdall, every fortnight. In the following year, for a short time, Penrith was similarly served by the Rev. John Kelly. In 1835, or perhaps towards the close of the previous year, the Rev. Henry Newsham was appointed to reside in Penrith, but in 1836 he left and was succeeded by the Rev. James Seddon, who resided with his mother in the town. In 1838 the Rev. John Fielding Whitaker took possession of the mission. He did not stay many months, however, and in 1839 the Rev. Patrick Phelan, a young priest just ordained, was placed at the mission. He was soon removed to St. Marie's, Wigan, and on Nov. 22, 1839, the Rev. George Leo Haydock arrived at Penrith.

Though advanced in years Mr. Haydock energetically laboured for the establishment of the mission on a firm footing, and to him and his influence the Catholics of Penrith are greatly indebted for the erection of their present chapel. There was great difficulty in securing an eligible site, for the land which had

been purchased, through the assistance of Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, was required by the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Company. The mission owed its foundation to Lady Catherine Throckmorton of Carlton, in Yorkshire—to whose husband Cowper, the poet, dedicated some of his pieces—and Mr. Howard's son, the late Philip Henry Howard, Esq., was one of Lady Throckmorton's executors. She died Jan. 22, 1839, and a mural tablet was erected in the new chapel to her memory, as well as a handsome stained glass window, which informs us that she was the foundress of the mission. It was not till shortly before his death that Mr. Haydock succeeded in securing a new site, and in making preparations for the erection of the chapel. His congregation was of the poorest class, and but for his own private means he could not have lived out of what they were able to afford him. In spite of these circumstances he was ever mindful of the necessities of others. Amongst his papers is a letter dated Dec. 20, 1845, from the Right Rev. Mgr. Charles Newsham, president of Ushaw College, acknowledging the receipt of a donation of £100—£20 towards the new church, and £80 towards the education of poor students.

On Sept. 16, 1849, he wrote to The Tagg,—“I must confess I am not in my best fashion, and hence I have excused myself from saying afternoon prayers at ye chapel—ye first time these nearly ten years. Seeing the little fruit, I could not refrain from tears, particularly as the third Sunday in September is the feast of the seven sorrows of ye Blessed Virgin, and I could hardly get through ye *Stabat Mater*, which you may find most affecting at page 15 of the new Hymn Book which I gave you, *The most afflicted Mother stood, &c.* I had other subjects of sorrow to dwell upon. Last Wednesday week a tramp, 27 years old, who with her mother became serious (at my instigation perhaps) about six years ago, and who was at communion a month before at Cockermouth, where ye cholera is raging (as in many parts of

England and Europe), fell down on ye moor, and was found with her mother and brother by a gentleman. He gave them is. to get some brandy, and they were conveyed to a public-house about eight miles from Penrith. They were placed by the overseer, Wilson, in an outhouse intended for calves or pigs, without a door or a stool, on straw. The doctor did not think she would live twelve hours then, yet I was not informed till Saturday. . . . She wished very much to see me. Accordingly I hired a horse, and was two hours on ye road going. I set off at two and got home about seven, much shaken, though I went slowly." He then describes the illness with which he was seized, and of which he at first thought he should die. "But I must stay at my post, though unworthy and almost useless . . . Your snug parlour would not be comfortable if I thought I was not working while it was day for me—night is coming. My school-fellow, Rev. Thomas Gillow, four years older, has resigned on account of old age. Most at my time of life have indeed retired to prepare more immediately for eternity. Still, if God give ability, He requires us to labour to ye end."

"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst *Tagg's* humble bowers to lay me down."

*Goldsmith—Deserted Village.*

Eight days before his death he again wrote to The Tagg,—  
"This day ten years ago I set off to come hither, and though near 76, I still continue pretty well, except occasionally having ye pain at ye heart or breast, chiefly when I walk rather fast." This was his last letter ; he died at Penrith on the 29th of Nov., 1849, and there was interred.

"The good old man is gone !  
He is gone to his saintly rest,  
Where no sorrow can be known,  
And no trouble can molest,  
For his crown of life is won,  
And the dead in the Lord are blest."

*Doane.*



He was succeeded by his accomplished friend and relative, the Very Rev. Robert Smith, son of his cousin Jane Haydock, who erected the chapel, which was opened about seven months after Mr. Haydock's decease, and also built the presbytery, in great measure at his own expense. In 1860 he enlarged the chapel, which is a pretty piece of ecclesiastical architecture, enshrouded by trees in a lovely situation. Canon Smith had studied at Ushaw College and St. Sulpice, and for nine years after his ordination was chaplain at Haggerstone Castle. His correspondence with Mr. Haydock shows him to have been a man of deep thought and cultivated mind. He remained at Penrith until 1867, when he removed to Gainford, near Darlington, where he remained till 1869, in a declining state of health. After that he spent some time on the Continent, and a few years before his death opened a mission on Holy Island, whence he retired to Kyloe Cottage, Beal, close to the scene of his first missionary labours. There he died, Sept. 7, 1879, aged 67, and was interred at St. Ninian's, Wooler. While at Penrith he erected in the chapel a mural tablet to the memory of his relative, bearing the following inscription :—

"REV. GEORGE LEO HAYDOCK,

Priest of this Mission.

Nat : April 11, 1774.

Obiit : Nov. 29, 1849,"

*Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.*

*Haydock motto.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme  
Has died into an echo ; it is fit  
The spell should break of this protracted dream.  
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—  
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now  
That which I have been—and my visions flit  
Less palpably before me—and the glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low."

*Childe Harold.*

JOSEPH GILLOW.

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4 ditto ditto ditto	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	0		0	17	0		0
4 ditto ditto ditto	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	8	0		1	3	0		0
4 ditto ditto ditto	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	12	0		1	2	0		0
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